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THE MIRROR

VOL. XI

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1901

NO. 4

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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**WILLIAM MARION REEDY
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

THE EASTER MIRROR.

AN Easter edition of the MIRROR will be published on March 28th. It will be filled with an especially excellent assortment of original reading matter from noted contributors to be announced later. Advertisers desiring space in the EASTER MIRROR would do well to reserve it at once, for the paper is sure to have wide circulation, and a circulation that will last for weeks, in the hands of people who have money to spend. Subscribers to the MIRROR will receive the EASTER MIRROR without extra cost, but it will be sold at 10 cents the copy, at the news-stands.

A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS.

ABOVE is the title of the essay which makes up the March issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS, now in preparation at this office. This should prove to be one of the most generally interesting issues of the series, up to date, and be the means of introducing readers to some pleasant company of whom, perhaps, they never heard before.

The subscription to THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS,—one is issued for each month in the year—is but 50 cents. The booklets are sold at the news-stands for five cents the copy.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS may be obtained of the American News Company or its branches, in any part of the country.

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REFLECTIONS.

Now His Troubles Begin

THE troubles of Mr. William McKinley have just begun. The second term is always the end of the President who accepts it, and there is no need for any law against a third term. There is always trouble in the second term, chiefly because the President can't turn out the first term office-holders to make room for the friends of his second campaign. Party discipline always breaks up in a second term. It is not likely that the marvelous solidarity of the Republicans for the past four years will continue for four years more. The engrossment and monopoly of the good things by the few who stand in with the White House excites resentment. Then, again, the President begins to "feel his oats" in his second term. He begins to think he can get along without persons who have, during the first term, come to look upon themselves as indispensable to him. He begins to think that, perhaps, he has done enough for some people, and to look out for things to do for others he neglected during the first term. Furthermore the President begins to think of making a record in his second term, of doing something for his country, rather than for his party exclusively, and the party never likes that symptom. The Senators get to thinking that the President thinks too little of them, while he begins to think the Senators think too much of themselves. The second term President has always leaned somewhat towards autocracy and generally towards autocracy for good as against the machine. President McKinley has been an adept in diplomatic pacification of his party thus far, and it may be that, by the law of his nature, he will continue to be a success by his old method of political "jollyng," but it is to be remembered that the anti-third term idea is very strong and that there are always men in Congress who begin in a President's second term to plot to be his successor. There are more of them, naturally, during a second term than during a first, because they are all sure that he cannot again succeed himself. Each of them suspects the President of helping some one else, and all agree that they will each have a better chance if they eliminate his influence. They want to get whatever possible credit may come of appearing to be independent of the President, and they are all convinced that the President's appointees are solidified by the President in favor of someone else. The Congress becomes a nest of plots and jobs. Those plots and jobs and schemes are more important to the jobbers and plotters and schemers, than the carrying out of the President's policies, so the President's policies go by the board every time they don't jibe exactly with the interests of all the schemers. A feeling grows up that the President doesn't care for anything but his own record, in the second term. The Senators and the bosses and the influential Representatives grow suspicious of him, because they are all selfish and they think the President is, too. They are looking for troubles and insults and rebuffs. And when people look for such things they find them, if they have to evolve them from their inner consciousness. President McKinley's tact has been miraculous. Will it carry him through a second term agreeably? Hardly. Why? Because his tact has been too tactful. Because the Senators and others will impose on the President's disposition to keep things smooth, and because they begin to despise the policy of prevailing by exuding oil. From all this will spring trouble. The "chocolate éclair backbone" will be found very stiff, to the surprise of those who would manipulate it. Its owner will perceive how insulting is the assumption of his elasticity of spine. And there will be, in brief, a sudden, all around "getting on to one another" at the Capital, that can only result in getting on to what the other fellows

think of the awakener's self. Add to all this the rivalries of interests and leaders and sections in the party and the general feeling that the next election is almost any Republican's opportunity, with a capital O, and it is easy to foresee that Mr. William McKinley will have a tempestuous time, so tempestuous, indeed, that those who really love him are filled with fear that one of his years and physical condition cannot live to the end of the term—a fear which, we all hope, may prove to be wholly unfounded.



Does He Believe in Bacon

A CORRESPONDENT of the MIRROR, writing from Parkersburg, W. Va., asks if it is true that the recently twice defeated candidate of the Democracy for President really believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The editor of the MIRROR is not sure of this matter, but he believes that Col. Bill Sterritt, of Texas, is authority for the story that the great orator of the Platte holds the belief in question. It would certainly go well with some of the distinguished Nebraskan's other beliefs. It was a part of the creed of a greater Populist than the Nebraskan ever dared to imagine himself to be—Ignatius Donnelly. And the Donnelly book "The Great Cryptogram" was, in some ways, a model for the Nebraskan's book "The First Battle." It might be a good idea for the MIRROR's correspondent to write to the editor of the Commoner for his views on the Baconian controversy, and the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare plays might thus be made a plank of the next Democratic platform. The late Judge Nathaniel Holmes, who was once a member of the Missouri Supreme Court, believed the Baconian theory, and wrote a book to prove it, and his logic and the logic of Mr. Donnelly are so strikingly like the logic of the defeated candidate of 1896 and 1900 that it is very probable the great Nebraskan can maintain the Baconian contention as ably as he maintains the divinity of the ratio of 16 to 1. The Baconian lunacy, by the way, receives a very elegant conge in the recent book by Hamilton Wright Mabie, "Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man" (issued by the Macmillan Company) though the theory is not mentioned specifically. Mr. Mabie says that it is a mistake to suppose that there is more ignorance as to Shakespeare's career than as to that of any other person of his like in his time. Fully enough is known to show that he and no other person wrote the plays, the sonnets and the poems, and the testimony in his behalf is all of the most emphatic character and capable only of distortion against itself by the malefic ingenuity of insanity. The book by Mr. Mabie is, perhaps, the best compendium of facts concerning Shakespeare that has yet been put forth in compact form, and a general reading of it will do more to dissipate the Baconian delusion than anything with the possible exception of a publication that the Nebraskan has given in his adherence to the fancy that sent poor crazy Celia Bacon to her grave.



Commercialism in the South

THE gradual but certain change in the South has at no time since the Civil War been so apparent as now. The leaven of commercialism has been steadily working. The results of it are so plain, because cotton has been away up in price and everybody down there has money. It is not an uncommon thing to see, in Southern country towns, negroes "flashing" rolls of bills, the "skin" of which is a \$50-gold certificate—negroes who for ten years have been carried upon the books of white planters and country merchants and year after year have failed to make enough to pay for their pickled pork and meal. The "true bawn suth'un" gentleman has stopped talking about "th' wah, suh." He is talking about dollars. If he lives in a small city, he and his associates are offering bonuses to manu-

facturers to squat and poison the soft air with coal smoke. It matters not what the factory may be; anything from wooden chairs to soap is good enough, just so that the "hum of industry" proceed to hum in localities hitherto humming with memories and discussions of the "Yankee invasion." This is, perhaps, better. At any rate, it is more in accord with the animus of a utilitarian epoch, though one can not help wishing that the magnolia might continue to bloom undefiled and the lord of ancestral acres might continue unspotted of the world's sordidness, even though he remained in debt and magnanimously let "the other fellow do the walking." As for the negro who has the gold certificate, he will not have it long. At present he is too strong to work. In the Red River country, for instance, there are thousands of acres of cotton still white in the fields because labor cannot be had to pick it. Later it will be plowed under to make ready for another crop. Yet who is to blame the negro? It strikes me that the average white man, if kept on a diet of hard work and pickled pork for ten years and suddenly coming into possession of a pound or two of money, might be trusted to cut loose and go down the middle of the main street of his village, turning it over like the coulter of a steam-plow.

The "Order" Nuisance

THE country breathes easier, now that the row about the leadership of the Daughters of the American Revolution is over. Still the row was a good thing. It emphasizes the folly of such associations, especially in this country. The attempt to manufacture aristocratic orders is always accompanied by incidents which establish the tremendous vulgarity of those making the attempt. Even some of the older and better secret orders are losing caste by their adherence to fanciful uniforms and mummeries and flummeries that mean nothing now, if they ever did mean anything, which latter is doubtful. Nothing so inelegant and indelicate as the row over the leadership of the D. A. R. has ever occurred in the meetings of sweat-shop or tobacco-stemming girls on strike. The Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames, and other orders are preserved from public ridicule only by the natural gallantry of American men. They are unable to wipe out our respect for them as women by their foolishness as members of orders that have no reason for existence. The fact that these orders are ridiculous seems gradually to be dawning upon some of the members, and this, through the accumulating evidence to the senses, that the people who are going to the front in them are of that pushing sort that defies all the dictates of natural reserve and dignity. The people who have time to push themselves to the front in the orders are, by that very fact, the people least fitted for positions of great honor. Those who might well be honored are busy or interested in other and more serious things. The complaint has gone out that the business sessions of the D. A. R. were vulgarized beyond belief by the appearance of matrons there in such arrays of jewelry and such elaborate confections in gowns as no person of good form would imagine could be appropriate for such occasions. The reports of the recent D. A. R. gathering at Washington are a strange mixture of folly and bad taste. There was a fishwife flavor to some of the debates, and the intrigues for the offices were characterized chiefly by the circulation of spiteful and even slanderous stories concerning some of the candidates. If all the performances at Washington be the evidences of aristocracy, may the Lord preserve us from any more such aristocracy in this country. Lavinia Dempsey and her preposterous Holland Dames fluddubbery were a funny combination, but the inner history of the D. A. R. conclave is funny only up to a certain point, at which it becomes positively offensive. And what is said of the D. A. R. is measurably true of most of the orders, even among men, designed to perpetuate class feeling. The G. A. R., for instance, is only too frequently made ridiculous by the actions of persons who have the time to work themselves into prominence in the organization. Now and then some members of the Confederate Veterans make a mistake like that of refusing to honor the President at the reunion at Memphis, and these

errors are usually, if not always, made by just those persons who have pushed themselves to the front. The earlier Americans objected to the "Order of the Cincinnati," and they were wise. This country needs now a strong movement against the multiplication and reduplication of similar orders designed to separate the people into classes and perpetuate hereditary distinctions.

Trial by Newspaper

IN January the Rev. Mr. Keller, a New Jersey minister, was shot and badly wounded by a man named Barker, whose wife alleged that she had been outraged by the minister, during a pastoral call, more than a year before. She alleged, further, that she had kept the affair a secret for fear of consequences, but finally divulged it in uncontrollable hysteria. It is not my province to say whether or not the Rev. Keller is guilty; whether Mrs. Barker is lying; whether she is suffering from hysterical hallucination; whether Barker had, or had not, some other cause, or fancied cause, for anger. It is within my province, however—and within the province of every law-respecting citizen—to protest against the trial by newspaper, which has been going on since the shot was fired. The people of the Jersey city are divided into Kellerites and anti-Kellerites, and they have rushed tumultuously into the New York journals. There are folk so constituted that they can see no possibility of the innocence of any minister once he is charged with immorality; there are other folk unable to see that a minister is a man and therefore likely to err. One side in public print does as much harm as the other. The "communications" of the antis make for irreligion, irreverence, loss of faith in the good works of the churches; the "communications" of the Kellerites make for blind faith in all sorts and conditions of preachers, they tend to relax the guardianship of the home, they conduce to prejudice against a man who, right or wrong, must stand trial under indictment for attempted murder. It would not hurt the country if a few daily editors could be placed in the dock and convicted of perpetuating moral and mental nuisances.

Schley

ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S friends may have been mistaken in claiming for him too much of the honor of the victory at Santiago, but the people of the country at large are certainly coming to have a higher regard for Schley the more they read about Sampson and Dewey. Schley has kept his mouth shut ever since the destruction of Cervera's fleet. His friends have talked foolishly, but he has not, while nearly every time Dewey and Sampson have opened their mouths or put pen to paper they have made a mistake. It is not improbable that, if Schley continues his tactics, history may actually make him the hero of the war with Spain. Fame dodges the man who talks or writes too much.

Lobby-Owned Missouri

MISSOURI is wrestling with the question of taxing franchises and making a great blow about it, as if it were something new and an original Popocratic discovery. States that are wholly unsuspected of Popocracy, that are, in fact, the stamping grounds of the Money Devil, have taxed franchises and have done so without disclosing any evidence that Capital or Monopoly or Greed ever had any such a grip upon the lawmakers of those commonwealths as those powers seem to have upon the professional corporation-haters of this State. Massachusetts has had a franchise tax law upon its statute books since 1845. In Pennsylvania there is a State corporation tax of 5 mills on the dollar on the market value of all corporations except manufactories. Real estate and tangible property are assessed locally. The State receives from this general corporation tax law a revenue of \$2,307,000 a year. New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other states have laws under which there is a taxation of corporations generally as of the franchises of public utility corporations specifically. There is no Legislature in the country in worse repute for subserviency to corporations than that of Missouri, and there is no Legislature that is

more desperately Democratic. No Legislature has made so many fights on Capital, culminating in being bought off, as has the Missouri Legislature. And even now it seems that the result of the present session will be only the demonstration over again that the corruptest kind of lobbyists control the Missouri Legislators, and will be able to see to it that only such a franchise law will be passed as will be absolutely worthless for the purposes for which it is professedly designed. The lobbyists block all legislation. They have been able thus far to defeat the proposal to frame a new State Constitution, although there is throughout the State a general demand for such a Constitution. The lobbyists will not trust the people to elect a convention to make a new organic law of the State. The lobbyists control the Legislators and will not permit them to do things absolutely necessary to facilitate the progress of the State and the greater cities of the State. And yet the dominant party in this State went into power on a cry against corporation influence. The dominant party in this State is not only corrupt but hypocritically so, and its leading statesman at the present time is characterized chiefly by a happy knack of saying fine things with his tongue in his cheek and a wink in his eye, as if to say "watch us fool the people again."

A Real Blood Novel

TIME brings its revenges, and there are signs that the English-reading public is rising in rebellion against the "historical novel,"—or its stomach is rising, which amounts to the same thing where publishers' and authors' receipts are concerned. By'r lakin! but we've had enough of this sort of thing, sure. Of late we have been compelled to divide time between a pasty and morose study of hysterical nothings, by Mrs. Ward, a "sweet," "too lovely" lump of treacle by the woman who used to be Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett—I've forgotten her private secretary's name—a sleep-making megalomaniacal essay by Howells, and rag-time romance like "The Cardinal's Rose." Then, too, there's Richard-Umph-Umph-and-Umph, and the wonderful Mary Johnsing, evidently a person who never saw a fencing bout in her life. The man who makes the historical novel pay him for ransacking the public libraries a year from now will have to do as well as Froude, whose "history was fiction and his fiction history." I'm a person of healthy tastes myself, and when I want blood I want blood that spatters heavily on the deck and runs thickly through the lee-scuppers. Before all of the Zenda moutthers and shadowy wasp-waisted heroines of the recent scribbler give me the "Yarn of a Bucko Mate," product of Hamblen, who, three years ago, had quit the sea to run a steam pump in New York City. There's a good, honest, piratical tale for you! There's a moving picture of hell on the old "Black Ball" sailing packets! There's the clash of steel on steel, the soft thud of the belaying pin and the gasping breath-intake of fighting men—not shouting. These swaying interlocked figures on the slippery planking, they need all of their wind for the business in hand; not wreathing their rapiers, as if they were grape-vines, around the blades of the other fellows and, by dexterous twists of the wrists, sending the other fellows' blades flying twenty feet through air, a blow not known of *maitres d'armes*! Ha! You say "Ha!" at the stamp of the right foot in the long lunge, and you shrink at view of the snake-tongued lightning riposte! Bully for Hamblen, the steam-pumper! He hasn't wasted his and our time with dissertations upon gray moralities, or maddening pages of Henry Jeemsisms, but, at least, has given us something of "the white love of a woman and the red blood of a man."

Listen to Leveque

ONE of the first effects of the disfranchisement of the negro in the South will be the breaking up of the old organization of the Democratic party. Upon this truism the MIRROR has harped before. The removal of the negro from politics means that the machine can no longer command support for anything by simply crying, "would you have black domination?" The machine will find able white men rising up in all the Southern States to smash the close

corporations of politicians who have been enabled to carry through any evil scheme simply because any evil scheme was preferable to blacks in office and blacks in general domination. When there are no black Republicans, dissatisfied whites will not hesitate to declare themselves opposed to the white Democratic bosses. Already the revolt has begun. In a recent issue of the *Harlequin*, a brilliant New Orleans weekly, there is a powerful article calling for another party in Louisiana, and asserting that the principle of self-government demands such a party. Even the spirit of the Democratic party demands it, for a party unopposed must fall into a rut, and eventually into rot. Editor Leveque, of the *Harlequin*, well says that the evil of one party, revealing in autocratic existence, reaches out into every ramification of life. Mr. Leveque is not in sympathy with a single thing for which Republicanism stands, and he indulges in a terrific denunciation of everything for which it does stand. Nationally, and particularly as to the South. "But," he says, "call it a 'yellow dog,' if you please. This State and this city should absolutely have another party, another machine, just as selfish, just as powerful, just as wicked as the Democratic machine has ever been." That is the talk that means the eventual downfall of "yellow dog" Democracy. It means that the time is passing in which any man could be elected to office in Louisiana, or any other part of the South, no matter how unfit, because he bore the Democratic name. The Democracy will have to justify itself to the intelligence of the people, not fatten upon their fears. The South will be "solid" for good men or for good measures, not for a mere name that may cover any sort of vile character, or any quality of political or economic lunacy. Mr. Leveque, of the *Harlequin*, has raised a cry that will not be hushed, and the disfranchisement of the negro, as it proceeds merrily, will tend, in a short time, to make this cry of protest a cry of victory for good self-government. The intelligence and morality of the South should hold Mr. Leveque in fond remembrance, for years to come, for his courage in defining a danger and declaring the most effective remedy therefor.



Progress in the Drama

It is announced that Richard Mansfield will appear next season in a dramatization of Omar Khayyam. If this sort of thing is to continue, we shall probably have, before long, a dramatization of the census reports or the tariff schedules. There's no limit to what the Theatrical Syndicate can do in the way of forcing its own peculiar novelties in drama upon us.



Henry James at His Worst

I HAVE tried to read Henry James' novel, "The Sacred Fount,"—and I succeeded. And now I don't know what it is all about. The fount is terribly muddled. The characters in the story seem to be always laboriously engaged in trying to say nothing about something, though with an occasional variation of attempting to say something about nothing. The conversations are of a confusedly cryptic tenuity that begins nowhere and ends anywhere but at a conclusion. The things Mr. Henry James does to the English language are more than a plenty. The fashion in which he twists some of his sentences, makes you think that such a result could only be brought about by a cat in a fit pouncing on the keyboard of a linotype machine. You wonder, as you read, whether it is you who are crazy, or Henry James who is printing and publishing paresis. His wonderful "style" is carried out to an absurdity. His subtleties are too subtle for any ordinary comprehension, and his conversations are apparently the evaporations of mentalities degenerated by ennuyed diletanteism. There seems to be a general misunderstanding as to which persons of a company of six or eight at Newmarch, are in love with each other, and, so far as I could ascertain, the misunderstanding is never cleared up, for the story ends in the air. The book certainly is a curiosity of literature, and as such it will be treasured by bibliophiles in the very neat edition put forth by Charles Scribner's Sons. If any other person than Henry James had submitted the manuscript of "The Sacred Fount" to a publisher, I think the publisher would have called the

police and had the offender put under lock and key. The manner in which Mr. James has at last escaped from the obvious, ought to satisfy the most exacting demands of those who think that literature is becoming too common. A certain poet once said that he hated the commonplace so much that, if he could, he would write in an unknown tongue. This paradox has been achieved by Henry James. He has written in an unknown tongue, for his words, in "The Sacred Fount," don't mean anything that they mean in use by other writers of English. The poems and essays written by Gerard de Nerval, in his accesses of wild insanity, are luminously intelligible when contrasted with this work of the once great expatriated American. For this reason, as I say, the book is worth purchasing and keeping as a curio.



Men Among Men

The World's Fair victory at Washington was expected. The men who undertook to win it for St. Louis are the kind of men who do not fail. The example of David R. Francis and Corwin H. Spencer should generate more men like them in this community. There are not enough such men in this city to stimulate the imaginations and ambitions of young St. Louisans. The World's Fair, which comes to us as the result of the great work of Messrs. Francis, Spencer and, perhaps, half a dozen others, should do the work of producing such men by stimulating imaginative ambitions that will discover opportunity for greatness. There is nothing too good for the men who have carried the World's Fair proposition to its present stage. They have given their time, their energy, their money, their whole selves to the work. How best can we testify our appreciation of them, aside from any formal recognition of their services? Simply by turning to, every one of us, and working to make the Fair as great as it deserves to be. The Fair must be worthy of the fight made by Mr. Francis, Spencer and Cobb at Washington and the less spectacular work of the financial managers who remained at home and worked the wires in other communities to help accomplish the high desire of this. We must not forget to be grateful to the St. Louis and Missouri Congressmen and our venerable but virile Senators from Missouri, but over and above all we must hold in honor the tact, resourcefulness, tenacity, high hopefulness and unflinching good spirits of David R. Francis, the general of the forces, and his adjutant Mr. Corwin H. Spencer. Once again; let us generate among ourselves more men of their scope of character and intellectual stature. All honor to them, not alone for their victory of itself, but because they are men of the most splendid type of American efficiency, men bigger than party or section, bigger than their own interests, greater even than their achievement.



The Venal Great Papers

EDITOR RICE, deported from Manila, by the military authorities, for exposing official villainy in the management of American affairs in the Philippines, has arrived in this country. A military censorship of the press has been established in one part of this country's domain. There is no sound reason why it should not be established everywhere under the flag. The right of trial by jury doesn't exist in the Philippines; neither does there exist any such thing as liberty of the press there; a man's property can be confiscated without process of civil law. From the manner in which the United States newspapers accept the treatment of Editor Rice, it looks very much as if the United States newspapers are ready to accept any governmental interference with the expression of opinion, if only the Government will let them go on making money. The great newspapers of the United States are willing to stand anything that they may be called upon to stand, by reason of the fact that the men and institutions from whom and which newspaper revenue is derived, are interested just now in having any usurpation or denial of rights sustained. The great newspapers want to be protected against the consequences of libeling private citizens. They want liberty to destroy their weaker enemies. But they

have not the courage to rise up and protest against the Government's treatment of Rice, though that treatment establishes a precedent under which any newspaper may be suppressed at any time for exposing official wrong-doing. The newspapers are cowardly. They are cowardly for cash. They even attack the opposition party in such a way as not to count. They only make pretense of fighting wealth. They are ever ready to turn upon those who would apply the most blatant teachings of their own bumcombe editorials. They are money-making machines, and they find they can make money by catering to the mob spirit for circulation, and then accepting subsidies, more or less directly, from the institutions and persons against whom they arouse the mob spirit, for checking the mob spirit. Our great newspapers don't care about rights, or principles, or verities, though they prate so much of them. Bring them to a show-down, and you will find them always on the side of power, when they have grown strong enough to cease catering to the mob. That is why there is no newspaper indignation over the deportation of Editor Rice from the Philippines.



Save The Children

THE Missouri Legislature should pass Senator Tandy's bill providing for the appointment of a probation officer under whose care juvenile delinquents may be placed, in the large cities. There is no greater crime than casting children among criminals in jails, or locking up merely thoughtless children with actually vicious ones. The way to save the State is to save the children from contamination.



Omar and Solomon and Dr. Holland

I HAVE great respect for the Rev. Dr. Holland, the eminent Episcopalian divine of this city, but when he denounces the Rubaiyat, it seems to me, he strains himself to attract public attention. He says the Rubaiyat has promoted lechery and debauchery. But there were lechery and debauchery before ever this Western world heard of Omar, and, in the opinion of the judicious, more of lechery and debauchery than there are now. I would ask the Rev. Dr. Holland to tell the world how and where the Rubaiyat is any more lecherous, debauching and generally immoral in its tendencies than one of the books of the Old Testament, from which, doubtless, the reverend gentleman has often preached—The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's—or whether it is any more atheistic or agnostic than the Book of Ecclesiastes. The Song of Songs is the most carnally beautiful piece of literature in the world; more lusciously Pagan than anything known to Greek literature or art, even in that literature and art's most decadent days in Alexandria. Ecclesiastes is more hopeless, more cynical, and infinities less beautiful than Omar's quatrains. For eighteen hundred and fifty-nine Christian, and Lord knows how many Jewish, years this world was lecherous and debauched as it is now, and it was only in 1859 the Rubaiyat was brought to the attention of the West, and it was not until about 1895 that the Omar craze began. Was all the lechery and debauchery up to 1859 or 1895 the result of the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes? Let any one read the three productions carefully together and honestly pass judgment, and it will be found that, while the Rubaiyat is less beautiful in art, it is more restrained in morals, if indeed either work can be classed as immoral, than the Song of Songs, while it is more beautiful and less bitter in despair than Ecclesiastes or Koheleth. And all this Rev. Dr. Holland perfectly well knows, because he is a scholar and a gentleman, even if he does, occasionally, preach for the newspapers.

Uncle Fuller.



WELLS OR MERIWETHER?

THAT WILL BE THE ISSUE IN THE APRIL ELECTION.

DEVELOPMENTS in connection with the Republican nominations for municipal office make it quite plain that the safest thing for St. Louisans to do, on April 2d, will be to vote for the Democratic candidates. The Republicans are hopelessly divided. The fight for the control of affairs in that party has been ugly and bitter,

and the discomfited element is so large, and the dissatisfaction so great, the Republicans cannot win with their regular ticket. The dissatisfied will turn in large numbers to Mr. Filley's Good Government ticket and to the support of Mr. Lee Meriwether's candidacy. Many of the better sort of Republicans will vote for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Wells, for Mayor, but by far the larger number of the disaffected are of the sort that will do anything rather than lay themselves open to the accusation of having voted for a Democrat.

The Republican ticket will be out of the running altogether, in my opinion. The party is not strong enough to stand the defection of the admirers of Mr. Filley, the friends of Mr. Zachritz and the rampageously Socialistic elements in North and South St. Louis that incline to endorse the views of Mr. Lee Meriwether.

The people who slaughtered Judge Klein and John Pohlman on the labor and strike issue, for simply doing their duty, and who cut McKinley's 1896 majority of 15,000 to less than one-third that size in 1900, are the people whose votes dominate this town. These are the people whose votes made Republican strength in the past. They are very apt now to go to the support of Mr. Meriwether and his programme. Mr. Meriwether polled over 18,000 votes for Mayor, in 1897, and he now claims to have over 20,000 men actually sworn to support him at the polls in April. These, with the accessions due to dissatisfaction in the Republican camp, to the intense feeling against the Street Railway Trust, since the big strike last year, and to Mr. Meriwether's specific special warfare on the said Trust, will give Mr. Meriwether a total vote that will be surprising. However, absurd the affidavits that Mr. Parker is "the foe of organized labor," they have their effect. That effect, I much fear, will not be to drive the voters so affected to the support of Mr. Wells or even of Mr. Filley, but to Mr. Meriwether. And so, as in 1897 the citizens had practically to choose between Mr. Ziegenhein and Mr. Meriwether, in 1901 we shall have to choose between Mr. Wells and Mr. Meriwether. For all persons not social extremists the choice must naturally be Mr. Wells.

Mr. Meriwether's programme, even granting that it is not so revolutionary as some of the wealthy think, is not the programme to be attempted at a time like this. It is not such a programme of municipal administration as will attract capital to St. Louis for prospects of gain during the World's Fair boom. Let it go abroad that "an Anarchist has been elected Mayor of St. Louis"—though Mr. Meriwether is not an anarchist and only intends to proceed according to law—and we might as well abandon the World's Fair. Mr. Meriwether's victory would look, to those persons to whom we must look for the making a success of the World's Fair, like the triumph of the women-strippers so much in evidence in the papers of the country during the great street car strike last spring and summer. This city cannot afford to try the experiment of electing Mr. Meriwether, no matter how earnest, honest, courageous and dispassionately frosty he may be. We may know—some of us—that his dangerousness is enormously exaggerated; but it is just that exaggeration of his dangerousness that would make his election dangerous to the prospects of securing Charter and Constitutional amendments, to the feeling of security necessary to induce a large array of exhibits and a large attendance at the World's Fair.

Disguise the fact as we may, the general smash-up of the Republican organization in St. Louis means but one thing, and that is that the fight for the control of St. Louis, for the next four years, will be between the Conservatives of the community and the Socialists, broadly speaking. Republicans cannot afford to take chances on electing Mr. Meriwether by voting a Republican regular ticket foredoomed to defeat, by voting any one of two or even three Republican tickets foredoomed to defeat. In the city's present position before the world, in its present distressful plight as to finances and abandoned public improvements, the people who have the city's best interests at heart, because those best interests are their own best interests, cannot take any chance on turning this city over to a man elected by the votes of people who smashed a judge for an honest decision and slaughtered a sheriff for doing his plain duty in preserving order in a time rife with riot.

We must remember that the irreconcilable Chicago platformers will, probably, unite with the masses of disgruntled Republicans in the support of an outsider. We must re-

member, too, that Democratic delinquencies in some phases of police management and the Democratic atrocity of the Nesbit law will prevent many staunch Republicans from voting the Democratic ticket, even though dissatisfied with their own. As the situation focuses itself it becomes plain that Republican weakness in this fight for control of St. Louis does not necessarily mean an increase of Democratic strength. The very excitement that has been made by the cry of independence and the secondariness of National political issues in the fight tends to pull votes away from the Democrats to a large extent, while a certain insane reliance of certain too "regular" elements in the Democracy on the things the Democratic election board can do to make the success of the Democratic ticket a "cinch," is apt to keep more Democratic votes from the polls than the most vigorous possible stuffing could make up for.

The MIRROR believes that the Democrats had better bestir themselves to get out all their votes next April. The MIRROR further believes that all citizens dubious of consequences, or only too certain of the effects of Mr. Meriwether's triumph upon the property interests of the city, upon the World's Fair enterprise, upon the work of public improvement, upon the reputation of the community, still suffering from the publicity given to outbreaks of anarchy, should support the candidacy of the Democratic nominee for Mayor, Mr. Rolla Wells. As the prospect clears it becomes only too evident that Mr. Meriwether is the strongest man against Mr. Wells. Mr. Meriwether's victory would be a misfortune for St. Louis, at this time, for it would paralyze all the effort now being directed to the advancement of St. Louis. It would be a damper on business and make for National distrust of the city just at the time we are most in need of National confidence.

The common sense citizen, of whatever political persuasion, uncommitted to sweeping theories of revolutionary reform, must rally to the support of Mr. Wells against Mr. Meriwether, who is backed by a strongly earnest and even fanatical organization of extremist reformers, who is sure to receive many votes from the triple factionism of the Republican party, who is sure to get many votes of Republicans who cannot bring themselves to vote for a Democrat. Mr. Meriwether, running for Mayor in 1897, defeated the regular Democratic nominee. Mr. Meriwether still represents a faction largely Democratic. Mr. Meriwether will receive votes this time from the Republican faction he helped to win last time. Mr. Meriwether is the man Mr. Wells has to defeat.

And if the citizens who favor a new, greater, better St. Louis do not see to it personally that Mr. Wells does defeat Mr. Meriwether, then a new, greater, better St. Louis such, as we have all been talking, writing, subscribing and generally hustling for, will vanish into the limbo of idle dreams.

W. M. R.



THE DEATH OF THE GODS.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE AS THE HERO OF A NOVEL.

A RECENTLY published book, under the title, "The Death of the Gods," has created somewhat of a sensation in Paris, a sensation that has some of the phases of the interest that attached to the appearance, a few years ago, of Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite." The purpose of the book seems to be about the same, the demonstration of the worthlessness of everything. The book is a translation from the Russian of Dmitry de Mereykovsky, and it is nothing more nor less than an appreciation of one of the greatest of history's enigmas, Julian the Apostate, who attempted a reaction in favor of Paganism after a period of Arian predominance in the Christian Church and the Imperial Court. He is represented as inured to hypocrisy from his earliest years; and as receiving the cowl of a monk with hatred in his heart. Solitary in his childhood, and afflicted with the perpetual fear of death, growing up into a youth of repression and artificiality, he is suddenly summoned by Constantius II. as the last prop of Constantine's house, to take command, as Cæsar, in Gaul. Thence, another Julius, full of honor and covered with military renown, he is forced to oppose his colleague, another Pompey, by the stern will of the soldiers. Constantius opportunely dies, and civil war is averted. Then he returns to his favorite resolve, the restoration of the Olympians. Disgusted with the quibbles and the malignity of the Christian sects, he finds no better character in the professed Hellenists.

Doubt, esoteric disbelief, want of endeavor, self-seeking, mark those who, by easy interchange of creeds, have joined the Imperial party. The people he cannot move; he is disappointed at their carelessness or open preference for the "Galilean" rites. He is cursed openly by Christian bishops; and as grossly insulted by the rabble of Antioch, always "in opposition." Sick at heart he loses faith in his divine mission, and in the very gods whom he attempted to bring back. Arsinoe, who once wooed him from monkhood with hopes of a pagan revival and her love, has become a Christian ascetic. In the fatal expedition to Persia, omens, portents, and the ill-concealed hostility and distrust of his military council, completely break down the confidence and assurance of the Emperor. In place of the gaiety and graceful blitheness of the ancient days, a never-ceasing doubt and melancholy beset him. His bodily powers, robust health and personal majesty are strengthened by his hard life and his laborious military routine; forming a curious contrast to his distressed, uncertain mind and tottering reason.

Finally, convinced that the gods themselves oppose his schemes (when four bulls die before they are struck by the priest), he defies them, too, as he has defied the Christ; and to the terror and amazement of his army, he upsets the altar and becomes another Ajax in his startling contempt of the divine warnings. He knows the terrible, yet fatal joys of absolute denial; he assumes not the studied calm and grace of the Hellene, but a wild Berserkir thirst for vengeance on the spirits who betrayed him, and welcomes an early grave as a release. "I swear it by the eternal delight centred in my heart, I deny you as you have denied me! Incapable divinities, I abandon you. I am alone against you, Olympian phantoms! I am equal to you. No, not your equal; I am a man, while ye only are gods! . . . For long my heart aspired to this deliverance. I see now; I break off our alliance. I laugh at my superstitious terror, and at your infantile prophecies. I lived like a slave; but I am awake now. I have learned that I was stronger than you; for, vowed to death, I have conquered death. No more sadness, fears, victims, prayers! It is over! henceforth there shall not be a single shadow, not a shudder! Nothing, except that eternal and Olympian smile I take from you, O Dead! nothing, but the sacred fire of which I rob you, O Immortals! My life shall be cloudless azure, in which ye have lived hitherto, in which ye are now dying, to yield place to men who shall become gods. Stay, I have forgotten something! Yes, it is the very chiefest thing. Listen! Say not 'The gods are no more!' but 'The gods are not yet.' They exist not, but they shall live, not in fables, but on the earth. We shall all be gods. Only, for that is needful a great daring, as no hero has had yet, not even Alexander." Again, as he is dying, and men ask whom he names as his successor: "What does it matter?" he replies: "Fortune will decide. We must not resist her! Let the Galileans triumph. Later we shall conquer. There will be upon our earth the reign of men, the gods' equals, laughing for ever like the sun!" Henceforth, he is alone. Men shrink from him as smitten of God; the Christians whisper he is possessed of the devil for his unbelief; his advisers (never in complete sympathy with his visionary ideals) contemplate his removal; and when a successful ruse of a Persian spy has led him to burn his boats, nothing remains for him, as it seems, but an honorable death. With the traditional cry, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," so he expires in his tent, amid the tears of his friends, which are partly tears of relief, after the tension of this feverish madness. All unite in selecting a good Catholic, Jovian; and even a disgraceful peace with Persia cannot spoil the universal rejoicing. Born out of due time, twice a renegade, Julian dies almost unregretted; while in the last scene his friends who had to some extent shared his hopes, seem, in their despair of attaining truth, to recognize the futility of all scorn, of all rivalry, all bitter feud; and to see in pagan and Christian orthodoxy alike, "broken shafts of that light," which to us must ever remain "unapproachable."

Interesting and artistic as the story is (says the London *Saturday Review*) it is clear that this conception is not true to fact. The Russian mind, long seething with a vague and rebellious antinomianism, has modernized out of all recognition the Imperial pedant, who was, nevertheless, a good general and a sincere patriot. That he was disillusioned in a faithless and petty age is no doubt true; that he became a Lucifer, a truculent and selfish Nietzschean "Beyond-Man," is most unlikely. His reign was too brief, occupied and turbulent for him to have leisure for such a

terrible awakening to the sense of loneliness, and failure. His intellect was too limited to have sounded the lowest depths of that despair which refuses to live in a world without Providence. His conscious rectitude, his busy preoccupation in affairs, saved him, as it saves many men, from confronting this ultimate problem. Only Aurelius can face the possibility and yet preserve his calm, his sense of duty. Far more interesting than as an historical romance is the work, considered as one of a series of problematic, psychological novels on the modern "Sickness of Living."

Whether we read d'Annunzio, or Huysmann, or Tolstoi, or Ibsen—writers so different that we think at first there can be nothing in common—there is the same tolerant irony, the same dissolving doubt in the value of endeavor, in the reality of those youthful dreams, which upheld Europe in her struggle for liberty, political and scientific, during the past century. Julian, the young reformer, who desires to bring back to a world of black-robed monks and universal sadness the old joyfulness and pride of life (that fabled heritage of the classic age) is like our enthusiasts, who saw in tyranny and religion the only barrier to happiness. Himself introspective, nervous, despondent, unable to snatch the moment, perpetually viewing himself from outside, and analyzing his own motives—he is not unlike the hero of "Il Trionfo Della Morte," the Italian tragedy of the passage of a soul from love to death. These saddened victims of an aimless world, where nothing is worth contesting or denying, seek to put off, as some slight consolation, into the clouds of a distant future the coming of a Being or a Race, who will have again that lost faculty of exuberant enjoyment! Such a faith, thin, attenuated, and strangely unselfish, perhaps keeps the pessimist from the final plunge; but the hopes of humanity are not here, and cannot be founded on such an illusion. The real Julian retained his faith and was happy even in death. The new age, which has become old so speedily, has lost faith in itself. It delights in writing the inner records of its own torments in the romance of history; in transferring its own patient yet ironical smile of despair to the lips of the more stalwart heroes of other days.

RANJA AND HIR.

A PUNJABI BALLAD.

I'VE hung my swing upon the peepul tree.
Swing high, girls; higher still, that I may see
The tassels and the turban of my love;
Or, better still, perchance he may see me.

Come, fear not, Ranja dear; ah! never think
That aught can harm us two. What—do you shrink,
You who are written above as Hir's own love,
To taste the cup whereof I bid you drink?

Your voice is like a lute, and when you sing
Of Allah's praises Heaven's own trumpets ring
In answering peals that "God is One and All,
Mahommed is His Prophet and His King."

Sing on, for I am listening, "Wadahu."
Aye, God is One, Love; I can sing that too.
God has one Prophet—and I have one love.
God has no rival but himself—and you.

Have mercy, Lord of all the Seraphim:
Hear Thou, great Allah, hear my daily hymn;
Rain, rain Thy mercy on Thy slave and let
Ranja and Hir in Love's own ocean swim.

As worshipers in Ramazan who see
The new moon's face and shout aloud with glee,
Till all the pangs of hunger are forgot,—
So is his name both food and drink to me.

I wander like a mad thing all forlorn,
All is forgot,—the home where I was born,
My friends and kinsmen whom I used to love,
And Kera's kinsmen whom I always scorn.

Does Kera think that he will marry me?
Does Kera dream an easy victory
Over the Sial girl? He little knows.
Let Kera come and then will Kera see.

For I am Ranja's bride. This—this was writ
In God's own book. You cannot cancel it
Or thwart the purport of the written scroll,
Alter one line or blot one little bit.

Hir must be Ranja's own, and Ranja Hir's.
You shall not find on earth again their peers.
Thus shall men say by all the Rivers Five,
And ring our praises down the changing years.

Poet, the ballad's o'er, but where is Hir?
Where are the lovers true of yester year?
And where are you? Beside the Western Gate
Of Multan city, a poor, old, blind fakir.
Multani, in the Spectator.



A STORM OF PROTEST.

THOMAS HUXLEY VS WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

IN the MIRROR of February 21st there appeared an article, written by Mr. Whidden Graham, declaring that Thomas Huxley was a fakir and that his services had been of no real benefit to mankind. Mr. Graham's vigorous article has brought a storm of letters upon the editor of the MIRROR, in protest against the attack upon the philosopher, and from the many such letters two are selected as representative of the resentment against Mr. Graham's striking assertions and sweeping generalizations.

The Reproof Slaughterous

To the Editor of the Mirror:

WHO on earth is Whidden Graham? With amazement and indignation I saw his article called the "Huxley Fake" in your last week's issue. Evidently he thinks himself the Intellectual Pope of America and the Supreme Maker of its Public Opinion. But why was he given ever so little reason to rate himself as such? I assume that that must have been the case. Else how could he speak of his own mind as judicious and loftily brand with "chumpishness" everybody who may be interested in the life and work of the late Thomas Huxley? Huxley according to Mr. Whidden Graham is nothing but a "fakir" in science and Mr. John Fiske one of the "priestlets in the worship of the great God, Fake." Who then is this superior being, who with one scornful little movement of the hand thinks to brush aside men whom two generations of students of science have delighted to honor as liberators from ancient thraldoms of false belief, pernicious habit, crude law and as path-finders, through the deep and dangerous wilderness where, it seems, truth lies hidden?

But, after all, what do I care to know who Whidden Graham is? In his article he has written himself down as nobody much. As Xantippe was to Socrates, so is he to Huxley. That is about the proportion in which the degree of their intellectuality and their service to mankind may be expressed. But no, I wrong Xantippe. She, I believe, alternately washed the chitons of Socrates and flung Billingsgate at him. Whidden Graham does nothing but fling Billingsgate at Huxley. And arrogates unto himself the sole right to judge in what way and for what purpose men shall seek the truth. Furthermore, he is guilty of flagrant ingratitude toward one, who has worked hard that he may enjoy the freedom of speech he so shamefully abuses. Besides, he trades on the supposed ignorance of the public and its capacity for being overawed by pompous iconoclasm, such as his. He prates of Voltaire and declares all Huxley's work had been already better done in the previous century by the sardonic, old annihilator of "the infamous." As if everybody did not know that Voltaire never attempted such scientific work as Huxley did! As if the theories for which the names of Darwin and Huxley stand side by side had not ground into effulgence new facets of the diamond Truth, as if they had not given new color to the whole scheme of the universe!

I am not well-versed in science and must leave it to abler pens to render justice to Huxley on the score of his zoological achievement. But I can and do see that it was necessary to accomplish just such work as Huxley did on fishes and worms and infusoria, on skeletons and fossils, on dead and live nerves and muscles and bones to perfect the wonderful theories of evolution. The links had to be searched for, where the chain was interrupted, and it was

by no means every one who could tell where and how they were to be found. The chain had to be approximately perfected before the theory which revolutionized every field of human thought could do its work.

And now here comes a man, who, together with the rest of us, has profited by the prodigious and faithful labor of Huxley and calls his writings "worthless," "useless" and "shallow," who declares, "his constructive science was devoted to piling detail on detail of information about as important as statistics of the birth of gray kittens in North Abington, Mass."

Mr. Whidden Graham only exhibits his ignorance and ingratitude. He is probably a man of one idea and believes the world can only be made happy by forcing everybody in it to ride one and the same kind of hobby—that hobby, Mr. Whidden Graham's. The difference between such men as Huxley and Fiske and Mr. Whidden Graham is just this, that the brains of the former grasp the idea of the universe while what he is pleased to call his j. m. (an abbreviation which without his express declaration no one would translate "judicious mind") sees nothing but one tiny speck, himself, in all the vast expanse. Huxley was one of the men to whom nothing human was foreign. He was, in his own particular branch of science, a specialist without a superior. His monograph on the crayfish is still considered a classic specimen of that kind of work.

But far from being, according to the accusation of Mr. Whidden Graham, a mere accumulator of dry, minute and unimportant facts, a contributor to worthless and irrelevant statistics, Huxley was the exact opposite, viz.: a philosopher of the widest range, familiar with thought upon all subjects that touched man's place in nature, from Aristotle to Comte. There was hardly anything in the domain of religion, art, literature, education that he had not profoundly studied and thought out and, at some time or other, applied to the best of his ability in the service of mankind. He worked according to his best lights and with all his energy and absolute devotion and to no mean purpose. He was a great teacher in the highest and widest sense of that never-to-be-sufficiently-revered term. Thousands of students all over the world, upon whom his personal influence was exerted to splendid effect, bear witness to that fact. Thousands of workmen in England to whom he freely gave of his keen insight into universal relations—to them matters of vital interest—whom he helped to a clearness of vision in science they longed for as other ages had longed for religious exaltation, still gratefully remember and bless him. He was a good friend and a loyal fighter in his friends' battles. If it had not been for him, who knows how long the triumphal march of evolutionary ideas through the world of thought would have been retarded?

I believe I see what is the matter with Mr. Whidden Graham. He is a so-called "practical" man, a "man of action," and he scorns thinkers. As if action without foregoing long and arduous thought were worth a rap. As if all the world and all the beings in it were not intimately related and so bound together that what affects the slightest part, affects the whole. As if it were not of the greatest importance to recognize and understand these relations. As if such understanding, which the Huxleys and Fiskes alone make possible, were not the basis and *sine qua non* of just and efficient action.

The unreflecting rush "to do" is one of the most painful and deplorable sights in modern life. Nothing to me savors more of apishness and affinity to the lower animals than futile activity. If some of us only could understand that it were better to go and stand on a column for years, like Simon Stalactites, without ever doing anything—thinking, merely thinking—than to rush blindly forth to "fierce and bold action," pretending to "benefit mankind," and succeed only in wreaking wrongs and harms, not always easy to remedy. No man or woman can do what nature has not cut them out to do. Therefore they must find out—instinct usually guides them—what they are fit for and accept the place, humble or high, to which they have been assigned. Huxley did that and in clearing away the thick cobwebs of superstition which overhung the intellectual sky of his generation, he did his noble part to "lighten the burdens" of men and women. In a concrete way and in individual cases he likewise did much of such lightening of burdens. As for the concluding sentences of Mr. Whidden Graham's article, they are too insulting to quote and too absurd even to contradict. "Every schoolboy" knows better. He strikes with a coarse and clumsy weapon, but the

blow, in the eyes of the not wholly ignorant, falls back upon the wielder with a force that forever wrecks what reputation for judgment or honesty, or both, he may formerly have had.

Thekla Beinays.

St. Louis, Feb. 26th, 1901.

The Reproof Gentle

To the Editor of the Mirror:

WITH the opinions of Mr. Whidden Graham I have no quarrel, but for his use and abuse of the English language and with his pretensions to familiarity with the writings of Thomas Huxley I have both a dislike and a doubt. Wherefore does he call his tirade in last week's MIRROR "a protest"? In fact, it is nothing more than a series of assertions of personal prejudice decked in careless and slovenly attire.

When a knight enters the lists to break a lance for orthodoxy, if he has any respect for his cause, it were seemly that he should dispense with swagger and bluster, and conduct himself with some regard to the ordinary standard of good morals and fair play. Surely Thomas Huxley is entitled to better treatment than this. He is now far "forever out our bourne of Time and Place," but his influence and his words are still with us.

He was a seeker after truth. He sought her everywhere: followed her everywhere. Even the inmost recesses of the infinitesimal atom could not afford her concealment from his searching eye. At times he came upon her unexpectedly and she hurt him. He made no moan but kissed the wound. He bore many such scars and was proud of them, for he was possessed of the highest intellectual courage.

Life was the problem he sought to solve. With microscope and crucible, with keen eye and unwearied brain, with all the resources of modern science he tried to resolve and refine it to its ultimate elements. Any wise man could have told him, when he started, that his attempt would be in vain, and the same wise man now would declare that his life of continual effort was a mere waste of energy. The wise man of the future may not agree with the wise man of the present and the great mass of data that Huxley has gathered and classified may yet form the foundation of a monument whose top shall reach the stars.

Work crowns the end. No matter what one may think of the object of the work, any life of earnest, disinterested, honest and faithful labor cannot be lost. It is all of the past that lives in the present and how long it shall endure no man can foretell.

Can you not find room for the following short extract from "Evolution and Ethics?" It would serve to show your contributor how English should be written and the difference between argument and assertion, and also serve for food for babes and sucklings:

Moralists of all ages and of all faiths, attending only to the relations of man toward one another in an ideal society, have agreed upon the "golden rule." "Do as you would be done by." In other words, let sympathy be your guide, put yourself in the place of the man toward whom your action is directed; and do to him what you would like to have done to yourself under the circumstances. However much one may admire the generosity of such a rule of conduct; however confident one may be that average man may be thoroughly depended upon not to carry it out in its full logical consequences; it is nevertheless desirable to recognize the fact that these consequences are incompatible with the existence of a civil state, under any circumstances of this world which have obtained, or so, far as one can see, are likely to come to pass.

Strictly observed, the "golden rule" involves the negation of law by the refusal to put it in motion against law-breakers; and, as regards the external relations of a polity, it is the refusal to continue the struggle for existence. It can be obeyed, even partially, only under the protection of a society which repudiates it. Without such shelter the followers of the "golden rule" may indulge in hopes of heaven, but they must reckon with the certainty that other people will be masters of the earth.

What would become of the garden if the gardener treated all the weeds and slugs and birds and trespassers as he would like to be treated, if he were in their place?"

The following extract from a reply to Frederic Harrison reads very like a prose translation of the seventh book of Burton's "Kasidah," which begins: "Man hath no soul," yet, there are touches of tenderness in it which show that he had a heart:

I understand and I respect the meaning of the word "soul" as used by Pagan and Christian philosophers for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love. I confess that my dull moral sense does not enable me to see anything base or selfish in the desire for a future

life among the spirits of the just made perfect; or even among a few such poor, fallible souls as one has known here below. And if I am not satisfied with the evidence which is offered me, that such a soul and such a future life exist, I am content to take what is to be had, and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer and fuller. But in the interests of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean, all the while, that my organism has certain mental functions which, like the rest, are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die. And I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all that I mean is, that the influence of my sayings and doings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds. Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and all time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life? It is not worth while to have broken away, notwithstanding pain and grief, from beliefs which, true or false, embody great and fruitful conceptions, to fall back into the arms of a half-breed between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents, and the virtues of neither. It is unwise, by such a lapse, to expose one's self to the temptation of holding with the hare and hunting with the hounds—of using the weapons of one progenitor to damage the other."

Yours truly,

R. DeKalb.

St. Louis, Feb. 23d, 1901.

NO MEN ON MARS.

TESLA'S THEORIES SCIENTIFICALLY SMASHED.

NIKOLA TESLA'S assumption that he has received electric signals from Mars, has revived interest in the question whether that planet is inhabited by beings like unto ourselves. The March number of McClure's Magazine contains an article by Prof. Edward S. Holden, formerly of Lick Observatory, entitled "What We Know About Mars." This article deals only with facts, and the presentation of the facts is made in such a way as completely to explode all theories that Mars is the home of intelligent beings.

Professor Holden points out that the popular belief in the habitability of Mars arises chiefly from a bad use of words concerning the markings upon the planet's surface. A large part of the observed surface is reddish, and this portion was taken for granted to be land. The darker portions were taken to be water. There was absolutely no scientific reason for this belief, but the people got in the habit of talking of continents, oceans, seas, lakes, etc., and all those things kept alive in the popular mind a closer analogy between the earth and Mars than the facts justify. The narrow streaks on the surface of Mars, connecting the dark patches called oceans or lakes were straight, and, therefore, on the supposition that if those streaks were rivers, they would be sinuous, like the rivers of the earth, the streaks were called canals, and this word heightened the delusion that the planet was inhabited by a race capable of producing engineers, capable of greater works than this earth knows. The canal idea received a set-back when it was discovered that the streaks ran through the "seas" and "oceans" as well as through the "land." Still, the superstition does persist that the streaks are canals for irrigating purposes to convey the water from the melting snow at Mars' poles to the rest of the globe. "The corresponding problem on the earth would be to irrigate San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Rome, and Tokyo from the snow melting at the south pole, and to irrigate Valparaiso, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia from the snow melting at the north pole; all the irrigated land lying between New York, etc., on the north and the Cape of Good Hope, etc., on the south, to be irrigated alike (through the same canals) from the north and south poles."

The polar snow caps on Mars are another popular delusion. The poles do whiten. The whiteness at the poles is greatest when the poles would be supposed to be coldest and it disappears when the poles receive the greatest amount of solar heat. Professor Holden says that this whiteness cannot be snow, for the temperature of Mars is always below the freezing point. Water can never melt there. Then, again, there is little or no water on Mars.

"The 'Polar caps' exist, however. What are they? The answer is, that it is not (yet) certainly known. They are X for the present, like Professor Roentgen's rays. It is very likely that they may be composed of carbon dioxide. This vaporizes (and becomes invisible) at -109 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. At a lower temperature than

this it is deposited as a white "snow." A layer an inch thick (or less) would account for the observed phenomena. This explanation may not be correct, but it is worthy of serious examination. Whether it is correct or not, it is certain that the polar caps of Mars are not composed of "snow." Snow is water, and there is no water to speak of on the planet. Moreover, the polar caps 'melt,' and the temperature of the Arctic regions of Mars is always below the melting temperature of water. The polar caps of Mars are not 'snow'; they may be carbon dioxide; they certainly are composed of some substance that acts very much as carbon-dioxide would act, if it were exposed to such conditions as exist at the poles of Mars—let us call it X for the present, after the safe and scientific fashion of Professor Roentgen.

"Not only is there no water on Mars, but there is no air, or very little. Spectroscopic observations at the Lick Observatory, far more complete and thorough-going than those made at other stations, lead to the conclusion that the atmosphere on Mars is certainly less in amount than that surrounding the summits of the highest Himalayan peaks. It is probably much less than this; at any rate there is not sufficient air to sustain human life. It is by no means certain that what air there is, is of the right kind for human beings to breathe. All telescopic observation leads to the conclusion that there are no clouds on Mars. If there were air and water, clouds would certainly form. In thousands of observations clouds have not been seen. The sky of Mars is absolutely sunny. Clouds have only been suspected on two or three occasions. It is safe to say that, speaking generally, Mars is a planet without water, without air in any marked quantity, and totally unfit for the abode of human beings. Its nearest analogue in the solar system is our moon." The moon, all astronomers agree, is only a cooled lava bed and there has been no life upon it for many thousands of years, and it is probable there never was any life there.

The much talked of "canals" are probably only crevasses on the planet's outer crust produced by an expanding nucleus in the sphere. The "canals" sometimes double themselves. The phenomenon is described by M. Antoniad. "If," he says, "the Seine should suddenly disappear, and if two rivers should be created, one running from Dunkirk to Strassburg, we should have a precise terrestrial analogue to the appearance of a 'double canal' in Mars. (What a problem in 'engineering' this would be!) To arrive at an explanation of such appearances, M. Antoniad has made a careful study of the optical illusions that attend prolonged and strained vision of delicate markings of this nature, and he has come unreservedly to the conclusion that the doubling of the canals on Mars arises from defective focusing of some kind, either of the telescope or of the observer's eye (through fatigue). One of his experiments may be tried by any one who will take the trouble to rule a fine line on a visiting card and to look at it from a distance through an opera-glass. A very slight disturbances of the focal adjustment of the glass, or a slight fatigue of the eye, will always produce a double image of the single line. These experiments throw a flood of light on the appearances observed on Mars. They explain why the double canals are only to be seen after prolonged and strained vision, why they are more often seen in short than in long telescopes, etc."

M. Antoniad, by the way, is the assistant to Camille Flammarion who, Prof. Holden says, has long been the high priest, in France, of the doctrine of human life in Mars. The doubled canals are apparently an optical illusion, and as such, they wipe out conjectures as to their being caused by the intervention of "human beings like ourselves," "engineers" engaged in "irrigation works" or in "commerce," and possessed of a burning desire to communicate with their brothers on the earth by "signal lights." Professor Holden holds that we have a right "to conclude that there is not the slightest reason to believe that human life can exist on the planet Mars. If by some miracle a man were suddenly transported to that planet, he would undoubtedly freeze solid in an exceedingly short time. He would find no water there nor sufficient air to breathe. It is more than likely that what air there may be is of a kind fatal to human life. So far as we know, there is no likelihood that life exists on any other planet than the earth. There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and the rest are better fitted to sustain human life than Mars."

Professor Holden, in a note to the article condensed above from *McClure's Magazine*, deals succinctly with Tesla's alleged "signals from Mars." Professor Holden satirizes Tesla's "thinks" and "guesses" as to disturbances of his electrical apparatus and then goes on to say: "every experimenter will say that it is 'almost certain that Mr. Tesla has made an error and that the disturbances in question come from currents in our air or in the earth. How can any one possibly know that unexplained currents do not come from the sun? The physics of the sun is all but unknown as yet. At any rate, why call the currents 'planetary,' if one is not quite certain? Why fasten the disturbances of Mr. Tesla's instruments on Mars? Are there no comets that will serve the purpose? May not the instruments have been disturbed by the Great Bear—or the Milky Way—or the Zodiacal Light?"

Admitting the possibility of great discoveries in Mars and elsewhere being close at hand Prof. Holden points out that "there is a strong probability that new phenomena are explicable by old laws. Until Mr. Tesla has shown his apparatus to other experimenters and convinced them as well as himself, it may safely be taken for granted that his signals do not come from Mars."

Professor Holden certainly deserves the thanks of all lovers of exact knowledge for smashing the great Mars fake and with it the Tesla fake. The conclusiveness of the article in the March *McClure* hardly appears in this condensation and persons interested should read the article in full.



RELIGION AND REVOLUTION.

A REVIEW OF THE PRESENT CONDITIONS IN SPAIN.

SPAIN seems to be once more on the verge of a revolution. Some days ago, Madrid and other large cities witnessed serious disturbances, and it took stern military measures and proclamation of martial law to restore a semblance of peace and order. This time it is hatred of Jesuits and other religious orders that is at the bottom of the outbreak. As in France, a vast amount of wealth is controlled by religious associations, and, owing to special privileges and paternalistic legislation, this wealth is constantly increasing. Besides this, various abuses have been put at the door of these associations and exasperated a dissatisfied and oppressed population. The last Spanish census, in 1897, disclosed the following figures: religious houses of every kind exceeded 2,000; there were 28,549 nuns, 45,328 monks and priests, 1,200 Jesuits, 9 archbishops, 51 bishops, 55 deans and 1,213 canons.

As a writer in the *New York Evening Post* points out, the religious houses in Spain pay no duties on their real property, and none on their workshops, as they are not enrolled on the registers of ratepayers, only having to pay on capital invested in stock. The clergy and dignitaries of the Church pay no taxes, but, with the permission of the Pope, grant the State annually a "donativo," the gift of a very moderate amount towards the ways and means of the budget,—\$600,000.

The religious orders in Spain were greatly strengthened in their resources and the number of their members in 1881, when the French Republican Cabinet took steps, under the famous Jules Ferry laws, which induced an exodus of some of the wealthiest and most powerful religious orders, and especially the Jesuits. The refugees were well and hospitably received by the Spanish Government, the people and the court. At the present time, Spain can boast of possessing more convents, seminaries and religious establishments of all kinds than ever has been under the houses of Austria and Bourbon.

After the war with the United States, and after the loss of the colonies, when the Pretender desired to make capital out of the popular and military discontent in Spain, the Queen Regent most gladly accepted the resignation of Sagasta and of the Liberal party, in order to confide the reins of Government to strongly Conservative and Catholic Cabinets, led, first, by Silvela, then by General Azarraga, who selected as colleagues men quite as devoted to the Church and Vatican as themselves. The Queen Regent naturally expected that such Ministers would not only carry out a policy conforming to the wishes of the Pope and Church, but that they would, as they did, although reluctantly at first, assist her in obliging the nation to submit to the contemplated marriage of her eldest daughter,

the Princess of Asturias, with the second son of the Count of Caserta, who was Chief of Staff to the Spanish Pretender, Don Carlos, from 1874 to 1876. The Count of Caserta, as head of the former royal house of Naples, and as "King in partibus" of the Two Sicilies, is also a distant cousin of the Spanish Bourbons and the brother-in-law of the Infanta Isabella, Dowager Countess of Girgenti and aunt of Alphonso XIII.

The advent to office of the Conservatives in March, 1899, and their domestic policy in Spain since have contributed to develop in the provinces and in Madrid, among Liberals, Democrats and Republicans, of every shade, an ever-increasing discontent against the prevalent Clerical and Ultramontane influences. Fuel was added to this movement of opinion by the royal marriage, and by a series of incidents that aggravated the dissatisfaction and unrest, which have been rapidly assuming a critical aspect in the leading cities of the kingdom.

Don Benito Perez y Galdos, the most popular of Spanish novelists, put on the stage recently, in the classical *Teatro Español*, at Madrid, a powerful play in five acts. "Electra" is a finely drawn picture of Madrid society with its characteristic traits, blending frivolity and fanaticism, external piety and worldly-mindedness. The hero, posing as a reformed rake, is an intriguing hypocrite and cruel fanatic. It is his own natural daughter whom he attempts, by a series of deliberate falsehoods and violence, to immure in a convent, to expiate his own sins and the sins of a deceased mother. A brave, young engineer and cousin of the heroine, unmasks the intriguer and ultimately makes the girl his bride, after a long struggle and many spirited scenes, which won the success of the play. Galdos, to use the words of Sagasta, had been so much in touch with the current of the day that he fired a train that spread like wildfire in Madrid and in the provinces, provoking demonstrations that are still going on, despite all the efforts of the Government.

After the production of "Electra" came the news of several cases in which the Jesuits, nuns and friars have taken away, often clandestinely and by night, young and rich girls, some of them minors. One was a daughter of a General, of Cuban and political fame, another was betrothed and on the eve of her marriage, after a long engagement; a third was torn away at midnight by a parish priest and his sister from the home where her invalid mother had been bed-ridden for years, and was distracted at this abduction of an only and beloved daughter. Last, but not least, came the appeal, addressed to the Supreme Court of Spain, by "a Catholic and Ultramontane mother," who demanded restitution of her daughter,—a rich heiress, a bright, intelligent girl of twenty-four, romantic, religious and impressionable,—who had been influenced by a celebrated Jesuit preacher to become a nun at the convent of the "Slaves of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," in Madrid. The Jesuit not only persuaded Adela Ubao to come to him for confession secretly, without the knowledge or consent of her mother, but he made her conceal the fact from her ordinary confessor, the respectable parish priest and friend of the family. Then he kept up a correspondence with the girl, under fictitious names, through servants and other messengers in Madrid, and even when she was away in summer, he provided her with books in which she found tales of Catholic girls and saints who had abandoned aged, poor, dying parents for the sake of religion. The great Republican lawyer, Deputy and ex-President of the Republic, Salmeron, defended the appeal at the Supreme Court and showed, to the best of his belief, that the Spanish civil code and canon-law, church usages and precedents, contained nothing that could justify the ruling of the Judge of First Grade, or of the Court of Appeal, in nonsuitoring the mother of the senorita. The case excited such intense curiosity, says the correspondent of *l'Independence Belge*, of Brussels, that the Supreme Court was densely overcrowded, and, after his pleading, Salmeron was escorted home by two thousand persons of every class, including many barristers and judges, even. He spoke to the excited crowd from the balcony of his residence, exhorting them to disperse peacefully and to give no pretense for police interference, as liberty and justice must prevail, if they all persevered and obeyed the laws at the same time. Unfortunately, the students and lower classes of the populace did not follow his advice, and began that series of demonstrations, some very violent, against Jesuit colleges, seminaries and convents, that soon spread to the provinces.

The Catholics claim that all these stories are malicious inventions of Freemasons and atheists, designed to enable

Masons, atheists and anarchists to loot the churches, schools and convents and seize all church property.

Matters grew worse upon the arrival of Count Caserto and his family at Madrid, and on the occasion of the court festivities, before the marriage of his son to the Princess of Asturias, Sagasta, with his usual frankness, asked the present rulers of Spain how they could expect that public opinion, excited to such a pitch by the conduct of the Government and Ultramontanes, could possibly be checked, when Count Caserta appeared at the court of Spain and in the capital.

The prevailing condition of affairs is disquieting, although there seems to be no special reason to expect an immediate outbreak of Carlism. The political tendency in the Kingdom is now in favor of a Republic and of a more progressive and enlightened Government. Carlism is not popular any more, and the pretender would find it very difficult to raise a respectable army of followers, or to enthuse the people again with the cry: "Dios, patria y rey." For the time being, the religious orders and clergy are the main sufferers. The hostile demonstrations against them are due, principally, to ignorance or prejudice, and should certainly be deplored by fair-minded, impartial classes of the people. If the Ultramontanes have really given occasion to embitter the people, redress should be demanded from the Government in a constitutional manner.

The Government of Spain is incapable, bigoted and four centuries behind the times. The people have lost confidence in their rulers and arrived at the conclusion that a change is necessary, if Spanish independence and industrial and commercial progress are to be maintained. The country is groaning under an imbecile administration and a burden of debt that is out of all proportion to the resources of tax-payers. Moreover, the whole currency is disorganized. There is widespread depression, and the poor realize that they are unduly oppressed, while the wealthy classes are but lightly taxed. When things have become intolerable and a people exasperated, the guilty and innocent have to suffer alike, for reason is, temporarily, dethroned.

Francis A. Huter.

PSYCHE.

A STORY OF A PAINTING.

PICCADILLY is an opulent stream, with a backwater to which has been given the name of Burlington house. It is an allegation that art flourishes there in varying degrees of pigmental ooze and conceptional sludge. Much of it is naked and unashamed.

"Psyche," amid the sludge, is nude, her abandon poetic, her smile a ravishment. She is too ethereal to be ashamed. Wherefore, explorers of the backwater crowd and admire and block the way to say she is "the picture of the year."

And the man who printed her is orchreous and oleose with a fresh inspiration, a new ideal.

While he works, making his hair a Patagonian mop rampant, and himself unbeauteous, sapiency crowds in front of "Psyche" and nods.

"Did you ever see a more marvelous likeness?"

"Never."

"That lift of the nose——"

"Hers to the very mold and motion."

"Hers—Whose?" This was ignorance, scavenging for knowledge.

"Lillian, Viscountess Hazelmead."

"You don't say so? Ah! now I see—yes, the image of her, all over."

"That dimple of the cheek——"

"And the langor of the eyes——"

"Perfect!"

"Still more the ears. They're a conchological proverb, you know, small, dainty cockles. He's got them to a turn."

"And the Cupid's bow of the lips; that's hers to a shadow of a bend."

"Yes—marvelous!"

"Wonder whether she sat to him?"

"For the face?"

"Of course."

"Scarcely that." This was self-sufficiency, oracular with superior wisdom.

"Why?"

"Good reason; she hasn't been a widow much more than a year."

The Mirror

"Ah, of course."

"No; come to think of it, I don't suppose she sat to him."

"Then I wonder if she knows?"

"And if she does, what she thinks of it?"

"And how she likes it?"

"H'm!"

"Ah!"

That was the point of exhaustion; "No, 99. 'Psyche,' by Aubrey Osborne, A. R. A.," was overpowering, and left nothing more to be said.

For sensitive genius the way to Olympus lies through Hades, and the kind friends of sensitive genius are zealous that it shall not miss the road. A privileged friend of Osbourn, soused in the stew of the backwater, saw the heavens of opportunity open, and accepted it for a sign to do his best or his worst. The heavens not being definite, it seemed immaterial which.

"Well, my dear Whirlwind, rave as much as you like, fling your thunderbolts about—I don't mind. But that's how it is. Everybody's saying the same thing which is that 'Psyche' ought to be labeled 'The Divine Lillian.'"

"You won't make them believe that she didn't sit to you, my modest dissembler!"

"That's the crass idea, is it? And your preposterous gapers are sending round the town an estimable lady whom I have never seen as 'Psyche' in *purs naturalibus*."

"Never seen?"

"Never seen. I said."

"Then it's a marvelous accidental likeness, that's all—and a famous one for you. You'll get a scramble of offers for it, and that will mean any price you like."

"I shall get no price at all."

"No price at all. What do you mean?"

"It won't be sold. If you want to shout anything from the housetop you can shout that."

"Jove! You're a disappointment. Perhaps you think this is all cock-and-bull? If you have never seen her, you ought. Seeing should convince you—provided, of course, you're not as stubborn as Balaam's ass. What are your engagements this week?"

"Dinner at Dunwater's to-morrow evening, to begin with."

"Gad! Then go. I happen to know she'll be there."

"I was going. Now I sha'n't. I shall send my inability and polite regrets to represent me instead."

Men who are busy forget even their Xantippes. How much more do they forget women in the abstract, even the be-diademed "Shes" of whom they hear, and have historically heard, but never see? Business! A heaven-conceived opiate, inducing drugged forgetfulness of contemporaneous details lying in the outer sphere. Osborne forgot the pigmental transfiguration of Lillian Hazelmead until decent time was past for excusing himself to Lady Christine Dunwater with fictitious regrets. Wherefore he made a virtue of necessity and went.

Let the gods, with their marionette strings, smile. He took Viscountess "Psyche" in to dinner. She was in chaste milliner billows, with subtle touches delicately suggestive of widowhood; his own personality was in a maze.

He studied her nose out of the corner of his eye—Psyche's; her lips, her ears, her eyes, her chin—all Psyche's. He had an ignominious sensation of having committed a desecration with a thing which he called his ideal.

That was an uncommon sensation, and a dangerous one for him, since he harbored an absurd notion that the artist who married mortgaged his future and spent the remainder of his days in a vain and mortified endeavor to redeem it.

"Everybody is telling me that I ought to see your picture."

Here was his self-created confusion taking its perch. Psyche's smile was genial and guileless; it brought him face to face with the backwater nymph, and made him feel decorously reprobative of her flaunting shamelessness. He never before felt himself of a sudden so much of a Puritan. Then, metaphorically, Psyche, the painted, shot reproachful glances at him, as if to say that if she was as she was, it was because he would have her so. After which he contemplated himself as a bigger sacrilegious scandalizer than ever.

"When everybody tells you to do a thing it is wiser not to do it," he suggested, glad to find himself something of a Solon.

"You tell that to a woman!"

He perceived that there were states of mind to which his wily wisdom did not reach. He tried craft in a fresh form of subtlety.

"Well, in any case, it isn't worth seeing."

"That's worse than everybody's recommendation. You've made it irresistible."

"*Quod di omen avertant.*"

"Why? I hear that there are quite a number of people hoping you will let them have it."

"Then their hopes will die of starvation. None of them shall have it."

"Would that include me! Supposing I desired it very much, would you not let me have it?"

"Yes, on a conditional promise."

"And that is?"

"That you will do what I intend to do—destroy it."

"Destroy it!"

"Yes; it's disreputable."

"Disreputable! Why, everybody is saying that it is delightful. It has some distinguishing character, hasn't it? I am told that I should find it peculiarly interesting."

"Has anybody told you what that peculiar interest is?"

"No, except that you have painted 'Psyche' with a strong likeness to one who can be readily recognized. Do tell me."

"I have painted my ideal woman, that is all."

"And yet you call her disreputable, and purpose to destroy her. Fie!"

"You think so? Forgive me, but consider Psyche. She is an offense to the living woman."

"Ah! now I appreciate you and also your sentiment."

"For that appreciation many thanks."

"But why destroy her?"

"What else is to be done?"

"You might present her to the living woman, but—"

"But what?"

"I have been thinking. Such a picture could be made sacred only between husband and wife. In their own sanctuary such a picture would have no offense."

"That is my own thought. But Psyche's unconscious original has no husband. She had, but she has not now."

Psyche's unconscious original suddenly became pre-naturally quiet. She was probably associating ideas, and weaving therefrom conjectural fabrics. Her delineator felt himself to be in an unwonted state of metamorphosis. Put practically, his ideal woman, expressed in Psyche, was casting pigment aside, and taking on flesh. His artistic tenets were being shamelessly stultified, but the fact did not seem in any way to distress him.

"I wonder who she can be?" she said presently. "I hope you won't think me irreverently inquisitive, but I should much like to know her. Do you know her yourself?"

"I did not, but I do now."

An imp of mischief was confounding him, prompting him to miss boundaries, and to commit other manifold rashness.

"Has any one mentioned her identity to you?" he added, watching her face.

"No; I have heard nothing beyond what I mentioned just now."

"Were you thinking of going to the academy to see the—lady?"

"Why, yes—certainly. Who could resist now? I was thinking of going to-morrow."

"Then don't go."

"Why?"

"Wait until I can present her to you for your own privacy."

"To me! But why?"

The imp of mischief took a fresh turn, making him hesitate, prodding him with a reminder that he ought to be confused. They had spoken low, now he dropped his voice still lower.

"Because everybody is recognizing in Psyche the form and likeness of yourself."

She reddened, and adroitly dropped her head.

"And is it true?" she asked.

"Now that I have seen your face—yes. But unconsciously so. As I told you, I painted my ideal."

"Yes, I understand," she murmured, still crimsoning.

"You are not angry with me?"

"Oh, no; that would be folly."

"Folly?"

"You painted your—ideal."

"Thank you! You are gentler to the circumstances than they deserve. When you were interested in going I thought I had better tell you. You will not go now?"

"No," quietly.

"And you will wait until I can present her to you myself?"

"Yes," quieter still.

"Thank you very much," he acknowledged with curious emphasis. "You have saved her from destruction, and I have the happiness of knowing that I have not painted her in vain."

The rest is the pith of a line. Some months later, as sequel, two Psyches in one boudoir, and one pagan to idealize them both. The arrangement seemed entirely felicitous and perfect. *Chicago Times-Herald.*



THE POET UNDER THE KNIFE.

BEFORE.

BEHOLD me waiting—waiting for the knife.

A little while, and at a leap I storm

The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,

The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.

The gods are good to me: I have no wife,

No innocent child, to think of as I near

The fateful minute; nothing all-too dear

Unmans me for my bout of passive strife.

Yet I am tremulous and a trifle sick,

And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little;

My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.

Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready.

But, gentlemen my porters, life is brittle:

You carry Cæsar and his fortunes—steady!



OPERATION.

You are carried in a basket,

Like a carcase from the shambles,

To the theatre, a cockpit,

Where they stretch you on a table.

Then they bid you close your eyelids,

And they mask you with a napkin,

And the anæsthetic reaches

Hot and subtle though your being.

And you gasp, and reel, and shudder

In a rushing, swaying rapture,

While the voices at your elbow

Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

Lights about you shower and tumble,

And your blood seems crystalizing—

Edged and vibrant, yet within you

Racked and hurried back and forward.

Then the lights grow fast and furious,

And you hear a noise of waters,

And you wrestle, blind and dizzy,

In an agony of effort,

Till a sudden lull accepts you,

And you sound an utter darkness . . .

And awaken . . . with a struggle . . .

On a hushed, attentive audience.



AFTER.

Like as a flamelet blanketed in smoke,

So through the anæsthetic shows my life;

So flashes and so fades my thought, at strife

With the strong stupor that I heave and choke

And sicken at, it is so foully sweet.

Faces look strange from space—and disappear.

Far voices, sudden loud, offend my ear—

And hush as sudden. Then my senses fleet:

All were a blank, save for this dull, new pain

That grinds my leg and foot; and brokenly

Time and the place glimpse on to me again;

And, unsurprised, out of uncertainty,

I wake—relapsing—somewhat faint and fain,

To an immense, complacent dreamery.

From "In Hospital," by William Ernest Henley.

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New French Vals., all widths and qualities, also in sets. New Torchons, real and imitation, in sets to match. New patterns in the ever-popular Normandie Val. Laces. Point d'Alencon in sets—all widths. Egyptian Galoons and Allovers, some with silver, some with gold—all beautiful effects.

Extraordinary Display of New Spring Goods.

A Superb Showing of the Latest, Newest and Most Fetching Novelties.

Advance Styles for Spring in Tailor-Made Suits, Costumes, Separate Skirts, Shirt-Waists, Wraps, Children's Wash Dresses, Misses' Suits, Etc.

An Exhibit that is the most extensive ever made so early in the season, and which embraces all that is new, novel and attractive. We would call your especial attention to the Princess Suits and Separate Skirts, something entirely new—they are the first shown in St. Louis.

BOX COATS.

Ladies' New Loose Box Coats of covert cloth, silk and satin trimmings, beauties—\$15.00, \$10.00 and \$8.95.

ETON COATS.

Handsome Silk Eton Coats, in various effects, tucked all over and trimmed styles—\$25.00, \$18.75, \$15.00 and \$10.00.

GOWNS AND COSTUMES ALL IMPORTED MODELS.

Novelties in Foulard Silks, Black Net Dresses, Crepe de Chine Dresses, Nun's Veiling and Albatross Gowns, handsome and exclusive styles—\$18.75 to \$125

TAILOR-MADE SUITS.

The styles are far more dressy than usual this season, short Eton and bolero effects prevailing in everything. These are intended to be worn open, and have in many cases vests of contrasting colors—blue with white or red vests, brown and castor with chamois-color vests, green with tan vests, etc., are among some of the most effective combinations. The skirts are made 7 and 9 gore flare and graduated flounce and are mostly made with the fan back, although many of the finer ones are shown with the habit back. Prices range from

\$10.00
to
\$75.00

LADIES' WASH WAISTS.

A grand line of Ladies' White and Colored Shirt Waists. It will pay to make your selection now while all are fresh and sizes are all complete. These waists have all the new features, including the new collars, new cuffs and the new long-dip blouse front,

Prices range from 50c to \$5.00.



MILLINERY.

Our first Millinery Showing of the season, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, proved a revelation to the many thousands who attended the opening. The fascinating magnificence of each conception completely captivated all admirers of real Millinery splendor. Side by side with the noted Parisian hats that had such distinctive lines of beauty and almost inimitable style-touch, were creations of New York artists, and honors were about even.

Our great offer of giving

New York and Parisian Pattern Hats,

worth from \$22.50 to \$35.00,

For **\$15.00** Each,

still holds good, many new patterns having been added since Monday's great sale. Be sure and get one of these beauties before they're all gone.

A magnificent line of Children's and Misses' Imported Hats—also a splendid selection of London Ready-to-Wear Hats, so stylish this season. A grand display of Roses, Foliage and Millinery Novelties of every description.

Spring, 1901.

GRAND OPENING
DISPLAY OF

Ladies' Kid Gloves.

The newest importations of the celebrated "Trefousse" Kid Gloves—the best made in France, the best sold in America. We are the sole agents for St. Louis. Stock complete with all the latest spring shades and colorings.

NEW 1901 SILK, BLACK and COLORED DRESS GOODS.

Every new creation in Silk and Dress Goods of merit and style is now ready for inspection. Summer Silks from Japan and China—New Printed Foulards and Satins and other Silks mentioned below that you'll greatly admire, together with the very latest in Black and Colored Dress Goods—A showing that we're proud of—and at our well-known low prices.

SILKS.

20-inch Satin in all the new pastel spring shades	35c Yard
20-inch Satin, splendid heavy quality, in white, cream and new rose and ciel blue shades	50c Yard
19-inch Taffetas, in all the new pastel and street shades, also in white and cream	50c Yard
24-inch Twilled Foulard, extra quality, all pure silk, beautiful small and large designs	65c Yard
20-inch Black Corded Taffetas, elegant waist material, mellow finish	75c Yard
24-inch Foulard Silks, in the two new shades of Rose and Reseda	85c Yard

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

ALL-WOOL FRENCH CHALLIES—300 pieces all new designs; latest colored grounds	55c, 45 and 38c Yard
SILK STRIPED CHALLIES—200 pieces, our importations of latest colors and designs, light and dark grounds	85c, 75c, 59c and 33c Yard
STRIPED WAISTING—Full range of colors with white cord stripe	75c Yard
ALBATROSS—38-inch, all colors, all wool, soft, thin and clinging—will be in great demand this season; colors, old rose, reseda and tan	75c, 5 c and 39c Yard
ARCADIENNE—27-inch, washable and non-shrinkable, all-wool, fast colors, suitable for shirt waists, dressing sacques and tea gowns	79c Yard
SATIN PRUNELLA—42-inch, a splendid soft finish cloth in all colors	75c Yard

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

CREPONS, 40-inch, in raised Mohair and Wool figures, splendid for skirts	50c Yard
CHEVIOTS, 40-inch, all wool, one of the best values that will be offered this season, at	50c Yard
FIGURED EPINGELINE, 43-inch, raised Mohair figures, large and small designs, new and popular for skirting	75c
EOLIENNE CREPE—Silk and wool, soft and clinging; of beautiful luster	\$1.85 Yard
BROADCLOTHS AND VENETIANS—50-inch, extra good values	\$1.25 and \$1.00 Yard

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

THE SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spiritualists had their innings in this city, last week, at the Odeon, in a grand convocation of a national character, and attracted large audiences to their meetings, and several readers of the MIRROR have asked that the paper "publish something about Spiritualism."

The belief that the spirits of the departed remain here, or hereabouts, and that, under certain conditions—such as the assistance of a "medium," professional or otherwise, and placing oneself in a "receptive," un antagonistic mood—will enable those of us who are still in the flesh to hold communication with those who are not, is the basis of a creed held by millions of people professing membership in the regular churches.

So far as the ordinary looker-on can discover, this facility of intercourse with the souls of those "who have changed their sphere" has not been productive of any useful results. There are, indeed, those who assert that under the influence or inspiration of such departed spirits they have been enabled to achieve remarkable results. If it were not invidious one might wish that the inspirers from the other side of Styx would impart much needed information as to mundane events, new discoveries or even authentic data from such notables as my Lord Bacon of Verulam, Shakespeare, the author of the Letters of Junius—now that we know who wrote the "Love Letters of an Englishwoman"—and a host of worthies in whose careers, while in the flesh, there have been enigmas. But no—not a single fact of any value has ever come from "the debateable land." Apparently, the spirits don't know as much as we do and most of them, those, particularly who speak in 25 or 50 cents seances, have but a poor education and use the feeblest language to express their commonplace ideas.

The Shakers were the first society or church of organized Spiritualists. They were out-and-out Spiritualists. Their leader, Ann Lee, or "Mother Ann," as they reverently termed her, flourished about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. She started in Manchester, England, a sect called "New Lights," though when they emigrated, under her direction, to this country they became known as "Shakers." The religion founded by this lady was a melange of Christianity and spiritualism with a *soupcou* of athleticism. Celibacy was, when they began, at least, the cardinal virtue of the Shakers. The sturdy Manchester folk, who believed in the Scriptural injunction to "increase and multiply," could not stand the celibate doctrine, and persecuted Mother Lee and her followers so vigorously that, as noted above, they came here, settling in Watervliet in 1756—and they are with us to this day.

It is somewhat singular that Spiritualists do not acknowledge their obligation to the Shakers. For a century, at least, before what is termed Modern Spiritualism commenced, (with the manifestations of the Fox sisters, at Hydeville, N. Y., in 1845)—Mother Lee's followers communed with spirits. At their meetings the leader or medium would declare that some brother present had an evil spirit clinging to his back. The afflicted person would then step out on the floor, and proceed to shake his unwelcome guest, hence the term Shakers. In this process of shaking off evil spirits the entire assembly would often join. Writers have described the astonishing scene of

dozens of men and women plunging, rolling, dancing and "carrying on" like Bedlamites to rid themselves of evil spirits. But not all these spiritual visitors were evil. There were good ones, too. Abraham, Alexander the Great, and Dr. Isaac Watts (author of "How Doth the Little Busy Bee" etc.) communed and inspired the church. Dr. Watts gave them some hymns which were used in their service. What Abraham gave or "Philip's Warlike Son," we are not informed. The Shaker mediums had the power of looking into the infernal regions, *a la* Dante. One of them declared he saw a fiend using a departed Pope as a hoop and bowling him adown a mountain side! As the leading Shakers died, their spirits attended the meetings, especially funerals. The usher, on such occasions, would stand at the door and announce each ghostly visitant by name.

The Spiritualists are less extravagant in their demeanor and assertions, to be sure, but they have nothing more credible to impart than had the Shakers, and although they have not adopted the athleticism of their spiritual predecessors anyone who is at all familiar with the modern mediums will have noted that nervous jerks and twitches are an invariable form of inspiration.

But, after all, Spiritualism is not to be judged by this low standard. It has achieved some good—at least, so it is claimed—in creating a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. This, the fundamental dogma of Christianity, the Spiritualists assert, is not generally believed in by Christians. The Spiritualists claim to have the evidence of their senses. They meet and converse with spirits, nay, they often see their very forms—the outward and visible signs of the souls. These spirits have been known to paint, in oils and water colors; to produce bouquets of fragrant blossoms from the Spirit-land; to spell out messages to sorrowing friends, and do a host of things that are strangely wonderful—to those who believe.

There is a spiritualism in which all thinking men are believers. "Where are the dead?" asks Schopenhauer, and he answers: "With us. In spite of death and their absence we are all together." We are, indeed, all together, though some of us have assumed other and different forms or shapes. We are the children of the past as much as our descendants are the children of the present. The present human brain, with its highly developed power, is only the result and last expression of the labors of innumerable generations of men, who have lived in preceding centuries—an activity from the sum total of which not the slightest element has been lost. In this respect,—perhaps in this only—we are all spiritualists. We are speaking with language given us ages ago, we are thinking, as Herbert Spencer says, from "the register of endless experiences made by countless numbers of men," our bodies are made of materials fashioned and formed long ages ago. To this extent, and in this respect are we all inspired.

Kani San.

TOO INDUSTRIOUS.

"You say that you were discharged from your former place for being too industrious?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's very strange. What did you do?"

"I went down in the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles."—*Harlem Life*.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

DIAMONDS.

Sterling Silver Tableware

AND

HIGH ART GOODS.

WE CARRY ONLY THE BEST

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Locust and Seventh Streets.

THE MECHANICS' BANK,

ST. LOUIS.

Capital and Surplus, - = \$1,500,000.00

Personal Accounts Solicited.

Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks Sold.

SPRING'S HARBINGER.

One of the great events of the year, to the ladies especially, is the spring opening of millinery at Nugents'. This week the weather has not been propitious, but it has, apparently, made but little difference to Nugents' patrons, for the store has been crowded with admiring purchasers and will be, no doubt, each day, until all the new things have been studied as they deserve and the vast, variegated stock of latest styles depleted.

It is almost impossible to describe the new spring hats. They must be seen to be appreciated and Nugents', with its wealth of elegant show-cases, is the place to see the best and most stylish under the most favorable auspices. The imported hats are large and picturesque. Flowers are in fashion and larger than last year, and, one is glad to note, feathers are not. There are flowers and flowers. Nugents' patrons would not be satisfied with "bargain store" flowers. They know the difference between the tawdry, exaggerated, too-brilliant blooms and the artistic work of the best makers. Nowadays the best artificial flowers can be distinguished from the real only by their lack of perfume. It speaks volumes for the skill of Nugents' milliners that good judges can only tell the difference between the "imported" head-gear and that made by the young ladies at Nugents by the difference in price.

As for dresses, there is a bewildering array of the latest in jackets, coats, skirts and tailor-made suits—the latter showing some variation in cut, but much more in trimming. The great store is handsomely and tastefully decorated, presenting a gala aspect.

INCREDIBLE: *Stranger*—"Could you direct me to the Carnegie Library?" *Citizen*—"Carnegie Library! There is none in town." *Stranger*—"What?"—*Indianapolis Press*.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

Careful housekeepers will be interested in the announcement, in this issue of the MIRROR, of great reductions made by the Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Company. When such a concern, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in St. Louis, and the West, and one of the most reliable, makes an offer of a reduction of from ten to thirty-three per cent off of the regular price of new and handsome goods it means business. The intelligent reader should note this liberal offer in connection with the quality of the goods. That is the point. Cheap, shoddy-made furniture can be "marked down" to an absurdly low figure and then be dear, because such goods are dear at any price. But for stylish, up-to-date, handsome furniture, that will look well and wear well, now is the time—just before the spring cleaning, you know—and the place is the big store of the Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co., Broadway and Locust street.

A man whose name might have been O'Hennessey had been dramatic critic for a Chicago daily for years. Each year came to Chicago a pair of comedians who may be called Robsane and Crone. O'Hennessey's notices always flattered Robsane highly, but for poor Crone no words in O'Hennessey's bright lexicon were sufficiently strong to express disapproval. One day O'Hennessey entered a Chicago bar, where was gathered a group of his friends and with them Crone. O'Hennessey joined the party jovially, and looking Crone in the face without the slightest embarrassment.

"O'Hennessey, old man," said one of his friends, "shake hands with my friend Mr. Crone, of Robsane and Crone."

O'Hennessey's jaw dropped as he looked into the gowering visage of the actor.

"Crone—Crone," he said, "are you Mr. Crone? I always thought you were Robsane."—*N. Y. Life*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. M. M. Buck has gone to visit Chicago friends.

Mrs. T. B. Crouch, with Miss Ida Irene Crouch, is at Palm Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Luyties, Jr., left a few days ago for California.

Mrs. W. D. Orthwein has gone to Hot Springs, Va., for her health.

Miss Nellie Anheuser and her mother have gone to Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. John Whittaker have returned from their visit to the East.

Mrs. August Busch, accompanied by Mrs. Lillie Busch, has gone to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Powell will leave in a fortnight for California, to be gone two months.

Mrs. C. L. Armstrong, of Kirkwood, leaves this week to visit her grandmother in Peoria, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little have been attending the inaugural ceremonies in Washington.

Miss Willie Bowman, of Benton Station, will leave, the latter part of this week, for Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond and their twins are among the St. Louisans at Palm Beach.

Mrs. W. H. McClain and her daughter, Miss Mae McClain returned Monday evening, from the East.

Mrs. Forrest Ferguson, of McPherson avenue, has returned from a visit to her father in Tennessee.

Mrs. P. D. Cheney will be visited next week by her son, Lieutenant Charles Bridges, from California.

Mrs. J. H. Trorlicht, accompanied by Miss Lillie Trorlicht and Miss Spiegelhalter, will sail for Europe soon.

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Butler and their daughter, Mrs. Eastlick, have returned from a trip to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kimball, have taken apartments for the remainder of the winter at 5089 Washington Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Fallon Delaney, accompanied by Miss Marie Tracy and Miss Sloan, have returned from abroad.

Miss Annys Burnett, of Fort Worth Tex., who has been visiting Mrs. L. B. Valliant, has gone to visit friends in Kansas City.

Mrs. John C. Jannopoulos left on Saturday for New York, to visit her mother and sister, Mrs. Stockton and Miss Berenice Stockton.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Arnheiter and Mr. Alexander T. Averill has been announced. The wedding will take place April 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Reardon, and their daughter, Miss Lillian Reardon, have moved into their new home, 462 Washington Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fuller, of Texas, arrived in St. Louis last week, to visit Mrs. Harriet Pitman. Miss Fuller, their daughter, is with them.

Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Greer, of California avenue, are entertaining Miss Alice Bagley, of California, and their niece, Miss Gertrude Barnes, of Ohio.

Misses Mary and Ethel Franklin, daughters of Mr. Joseph Franklin, have returned to their home in Woodlawn, after a visit to Kansas friends.

Miss Ida Mellier, who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Todd Clark, is now visiting Miss Nellie Griswold, joining her family at Eureka Springs.

Mrs. Hallie Jackson Yerger, of Taylor avenue, gave a delightful luncheon to a choice few on Saturday in honor of Mrs. William Hamilton Cline, of Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chetham, at present traveling in California, will return in the spring, and enter upon possession of their new home in Cates avenue.

Miss Bertha Stolle, accompanied by Misses Adele and Lillie Trorlicht and a party of friends, left Monday evening for New York, thence to sail shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant has for her guest Miss Laura Edwards, daughter of Mrs. T. B. Edwards, of Jefferson City. Mrs. Edwards holds the office of librarian in the Jefferson City Library.

Mrs. E. E. Hickok, of 4031 Morgan street, has returned from a visit to Mrs. Aultman, wife of Lieut. Dwight E. Aultman, of the 2nd Artillery, U. S. A., at Havana, Cuba, attending Mardi-Gras en route.

A farewell banquet was tendered Saturday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Elias Michael, at the St. Nicholas Hotel. The guests of honor will start next week on a six months' tour of the world, and they were tendered the banquet by about

sixty-five relatives and intimate friends. It was one of the most tastefully sumptuous affairs of the kind given in this city in a long time.

The Jefferson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution were entertained last week by Mrs. E. B. Pickett, of 4114 Delmar boulevard. Mrs. Pickett was assisted by Mrs. Edward Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith, of Taylor avenue, with their three children, will reside permanently in Chicago. Their eldest daughter, Miss Helen Smith will remain at the Visitation Convent at school.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bass celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary with a euchre, at their home, last week. The prizes were won by Mesdames F. Freund and A. Coleman, and Messrs. H. Frederick and A. Buck.

Mrs. John Scullin and Miss Lenore Scullin are in New York, making preparations for Miss Scullin's marriage to Mr. Clark, which is to take place the first Wednesday after Easter. Miss Scullin will have a large and fashionable wedding, and be attended by a coterie of fashionable bridesmaids.

One of the handsome social events of the winter was the tea given last week by Mrs. Herbert Lawrence Parker, of 4916 Fountain avenue, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Thomas Wall, of St. Joseph, Mo. In a cosy nook constructed of palms and ferns were Misses Nettie Hale and Sara Bailey, who served delicious punch. Mrs. F. A. Banister dispensed Russian tea.

A dramatic entertainment will be given by the New Church Young People's Society, presenting "Mr. Bob," a comedy in two acts, by Rachel F. Baker, on Friday evening, at Arcade Hall. Those who will participate in the cast of characters are: Messrs. Robert Bruner, Paul Wayne Grether, and John Yaeger, and Misses Louise Bochner, Ruth Dickinson, Theresa Smith, and Myrtle Williams.

The last ball of the Fortnightly Club will be held on March 16th. The dance will take the form of a cotillion and a battle of confetti, will close the season. The club which has had two gay seasons, was organized by Mrs. Will Barnett, Mrs. Saunders Foster, and other matrons, for the benefit of the young college and school set. The roll of membership comprises the debutantes of a season or two hence.

One of the handsomest entertainments of the winter season was the euchre given last week by Mrs. C. C. Sprague at the Cabanne Club, in honor of her guest, Miss Blanche Page, of Richmond, Va. Among those present were, Mesdames William Pogue, John Woods, F. A. Linneman, Harry Ewald, W. W. Candy, J. Will Bremser, Adolph Bernd, E. N. Beach, Henry Sikemeier, H. C. Oyler, Harry Schroeder, Willis Hall, Robert Morris, R. W. Morrison, J. B. Widen.

The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained on Tuesday afternoon, at the Cabanne Club, by Mrs. Thomas Crews, of Vernon avenue. This being the closing meeting for this season, there was a full attendance. The club has been a very popular one for two years, and will probably resume next season. Among the members are Mesdames Ben Kimball, Thomas B. Rodgers, Frank Leete, Minerva Carr, J. J. Mauntell, James Garneau, Joe Lucas, Charles Francis, Arthur Garesche, Agnes Macbeth, M. Trowbridge, Alexander De Menil, Russell Harding, Anna Gauss, Richard Barrett, L. G. W. Steedman, Lewis Bailey.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

TEMPERANCE: If I thought I should ever be as beastly as you are now, I'd shoot myself.

SOAKLEY: If you wush drunk'sh I am, m'frien', you would'n' be able t' shoot straight 'nough to hit yerself.—Philadelphia Record.

Cardinal Manning went one day to his publishers for a copy of a book of his own—"Confidence in God." The order was shouted down to the stock room, whence came the reply:

"Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone."—The Wave.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods."

ON BROADWAY,
Cor. Locust St.

SOLID GOLD LORGNETTES.



This style, solid gold, heavily chased, only... \$28.00

We have a large collection of fashionable Lorgnettes in Solid Silver, Gun Metal and Solid Gold, Plain and Studded with Diamonds and other Precious Gems, ranging in price from \$4.50 to \$300.00.

Mermod & Jaccard's, on BROADWAY,
Cor. Locust St.

Write for CATALOGUE,—3,500 Engravings,—Mailed Free.

OUR WORLD'S FAIR'S ORIGIN.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Any one would think from reading the papers of this city, in the past day or two, that everybody was in favor of the World's Fair for many years past, and was working to get it.

In the summer of 1898 the Fair project was just beginning to be talked about. At that time the only member of the Commemoration Committee of the Missouri Historical Society who was any way favorable to the World's Fair idea was Mr. Fred Lehmann. All the others were against it then. None of the papers, except the *Globe-Democrat* said a word about a World's Fair one way or the other. There was not enough interest taken in the matter by the *Post-Dispatch* and the rest of the papers to induce them even to oppose it. They said nothing about it, and thought nothing about it. All are now pretending they have been advocating the Fair for many years.

The MIRROR was the first and the only paper which told how the idea of a World's Fair originated, and who had been advocating it. Blaine said, in a speech he delivered here, many years ago, that St. Louis ought, in commemoration of the purchase of Louisiana, to have a monument in honor of Jefferson. He never mentioned a World's Fair in this connection.

Nobody mentioned a World's Fair until after Mr. Charles M. Harvey had been advocating it for years by powerful articles—every few months or so—in the *Globe-Democrat*.

Mr. Pierre Chouteau, the late William Hyde, Gov. Francis and all the others who showed any interest, as late as the middle of 1898, in the celebration of the Louisiana Centennial, wanted to have the celebration take the form of the building of a memorial park, the erection of a monument, the construction of a building for the Missouri Historical Society, or some other purely local manifestation. All were against the World's Fair idea at that time.

All, however, have done grand work in favor of the Commemoration, since, in the opening days of 1899, they dropped the local idea, and began urging an international observance.

Mr. Charles M. Harvey is the "Father of the World's Fair," and the MIRROR should

see to it that honor is given where honor is due. Very truly yours,

Historicus.

St. Louis, March 5th, 1891.

["Historicus" is right. The MIRROR long ago gave the credit for the World's Fair idea to Mr. Harvey, who suggested it long before the brilliant success of the Chicago Columbian Exposition. When Mr. Harvey first presented the matter, the late Joseph B. McCullagh, at that time editor-in-chief of the *Globe-Democrat*, declared himself in favor of pressing the matter, but he died before the subject came to a focus in action by the Historical Society. Credit to Mr. Charles Harvey does not involve the discredit of anyone else, save as to the projection of the original idea.—Editor Mirror.

VACATION LESSONS: Pater—"My boy, the philosopher tells us we must diligently pursue the ideal which personifies the ego. What do you understand by that?" Boy—"That's easy, dad. It means chase yourself."—Life.

"I'm watching the movement of the dramatists with fear and trembling." "Why so?" "I'm afraid some of them will insist upon dramatizing the Commoner.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HARD ON PAPA: Fond Mother—"All those beautiful silk dresses, Johnny, came from a poor insignificant worm." Johnny—"Yes, I know, mamma. Papa is the worm, ain't he?"—Moonshine.

MRS. BESSIE STONE FREEMAN.
(MISS STONE)
14 SOUTH NEWSTEAD AVENUE.
TELEPHONE, LINDELL 1262M.
Dainty refreshments for small entertainments. Varieties, many of them new, in Salads and Sandwiches.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the
Ladies' Restaurant
OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel
has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

ADDRESS
Schoen's THE ODEON
OR
Balmer & Weber's.
Latest Popular Music. Phone: Lindell 1220.

A BOOK ON PALMISTRY.

There has never been a period in history, since its records were kept, that the world has not had more or less faith in palmistry. In the dawn of history the Egyptians believed in and practised cheiromancy, or at least cheirognomy. Writers, indeed, on the subject have made the claim that a striking proof that the Gypsies are descendants of the race over which the Pharaohs ruled is the gift of fortune-telling by palmistry. It is true that the modern gypsy's palmistry is of a very vague character, but that this strange people once possessed the science and were skilful is admitted by many old authors. The Greeks and Romans also practised palmistry. In mediaeval times it was made a part of astrology and hence the reference in the palmists' charts to the planets. There has probably never been a time when men have entirely ignored "the sweet influence of the Pleiades" or have failed to note the connection of the planets with human affairs. This ever-present belief has left its indelible mark in literature, such expressions as "his star was in the ascendant" being one of many similar references. Even in scripture these references to astrologic lore are not lacking. "The stars in their courses," sings Deborah, the prophetess, "fought against Sisera." For the literature of palmistry the student must begin in the tomes of the Seventeenth Century. Among the authors who treated of the science were Rothman and Dr. Saunders who surrounded the subject with mysticism which the modern palmist waives as useless and unreasonable. In the Eighteenth Century there were two prominent authors on palmistry, D'Arpentigny, who was an advocate of cheirognomy—that branch of the science that relates especially to the conformation of the hands, the shape of the fingers, the nails, etc., and Desbarolles who treated the subject of cheiromancy, i. e., taking into consideration the lines of the palm—that indelible writing which Nature makes—and from them deducting the character and the probabilities of the career. As to the truth of the claims made by palmists each reader will, of course, judge for himself. One fact cannot be overlooked and that is that palmistry, as elaborated today, makes impressive show of being an exact science, based on thousands of examples. Its vaticinations are justified by a number of claims and a scientific terminology and citations from experience, and while there are exceptions to every rule, there are some cases of prophecy specified by competent professors of the art, or science, to justify a reasonable curiosity about its teachings. One of the best works on the subject has recently been published (by Messrs. A. Mackel & Co. of New York.) It is by "Niblo," a well-known palmist, and is entitled, "The Complete Palmist." Its author makes the claim that every reader "after a few hours' study" may find in this work "not only the information he may desire, concerning himself, but also that concerning the past, the present, and the future of all those who submit their hands to his (the reader's) inspection." If this claim is not considered too extensive, the reader of Niblo's book may find in it the manual of a lucrative profession, or, at least, a constant source of amusement for

LADIES' TAILORING

MILLS & AVERILL, Broadway & Pine.

We are now displaying the Latest and Correct Styles in Cloths for Spring and Summer Wear.

We invite your inspection of these goods, knowing that we can please you.

summer days and winter nights. It is a fascinating subject, and as presented in "The Complete Palmist,"—which is handsomely printed, and has twenty full-page charts—one that the average reader will find quite worth while.

NEW BOOKS.

An excellent guide to the dialect spoken in the rural parts of Vermont half a century ago is formed in the series of story books by the late Rowland E. Robinson. While they are essentially books for youngsters one would think that the kind of English "as she was spoken" by the characters in "Sam Lovel's Boy," would require a glossary to make it intelligible to the average juvenile reader. Here is a sentence, ex. gr., "callated" to puzzle anyone—and the book is full of such specimens: "Naow, I hain't go' no piece o' luther in the shop fit fur to kiver sech a neat ball, but I know where the' is some 'at 'll du it complete wi' jest a leetle mite o' fixin'. It's on a' ol' woo' chuck naow, etc." Otherwise the author has given a graphic idea of Vermont country life and indicates that he is (or was) a close observer of the ways of the wild animals, birds and fish of that part of New England. His characters are strongly drawn and evidently from life, and his sketches of *Antoine*, the Canadian, (with another kind of dialect) of *Gran'ther Hill*, the hero of Ticonderoga, of *Huldy*, *Jerushy*, *Sis* are very entertaining. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price \$1.25.]

A Roman Catholic paper relates that a convent school when visited was found to be filled with little girls of ages ranging from six to sixteen, with fresh sweet voices, in childish accents singing:

Of our passions we are weary—
Weary of the yoke of sin.

A convict prison chapel, when visited, was found, with a select and exclusive congregation of forgers, burglars, wife beaters, etc., in stentorian tones giving tongue to,

Dear angel, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guide
A little child like me.

"Father Faber of course wrote 'A guilty wretch like me,'" says *Catholic Book Notes*, "but that would have been appropriate under the circumstances, which would never do, so the corrupt rendering was preferred."

If you have old-fashioned diamond jewelry you can have the diamonds remounted in the latest designs by expert diamond setters in Mermod & Jaccard's jewelry factory, Broadway and Locust.

HIS WIFE GOT EVEN.

When a couple, married half a dozen years ago, set out upon a journey the other day the husband, who looks much older than his wife, thought it a good joke to distribute some rice among their belongings where it would be most effective. Some women, friends of his wife in whom he confided, entered into the plan with enthusiasm. They packed her furled umbrella with it, they stuffed her satchel full of it and they sowed it broadcast throughout her wraps and shawl straps. They took care that a number of tell-tale grains should repose in full view to everyone but herself upon her hat and coat collar. The man suffered his own umbrella and sachel to be likewise rice-filled. In so good a cause as playing a joke on his wife he was willing to sacrifice himself. At the fall of the first rice grain in the railway train the wife saw through the trick. The glances of the other passengers had made her suspicious of something from the first. There was no doubt about the joke's success. The wife couldn't move without scattering rice. She shook out her traveling cloak and it showered rice. She took a book from her satchel to read and it rained rice. A movement of her umbrella and the place was white with it. The grins of the other passengers showed their appreciation of what they supposed to be the situation. The husband could hardly contain himself. Never had he been guilty of such a successful joke. In high good humor he left the train with his wife, conscious that they were shedding rice at every step and that the smiling eyes of every passenger were upon them. As they entered the street car at the station the man observed that his wife was strangely silent. Smiling and talking were things of the past; she wouldn't even look at him. They took their seats, the wife with head averted, drawing her skirts around her as if to escape contamination. The conductor came along. Before the man could hand over the money, the wife slipped into the conductor's hand a solitary nickel. "Look here," began the man, but the wife drew herself up haughtily. Had they been perfect strangers her glance couldn't have been more freezing. "But," began the man again. She half rose; her appealing look toward the conductor said as plain as words "This man is annoying me." Aghast at the new turn affairs had taken, the man subsided. There was that in the conductor's manner that made it necessary. The man couldn't stand it. At the next corner he got off, and, taking the next car, arrived at their destination a few minutes after his wife. Now, their destination was the man's own mother's. He found the entire family—his family—holding an indignation meeting over the way he had treated his wife. "Just

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W. H. PRIESMEYER, Mfgt.

wait till you hear how she treated me," said the man. He told his story. The family—his family—agreed that it was revenge with a vengeance. "But—it served you just right," they said.—*N. Y. Sun*.

REDUCED RATES TO PACIFIC COAST

On February 12th, and each Tuesday thereafter during February, March and April, the Union Pacific Railroad will make special low rates to points in Oregon, Washington and California, including Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, etc., For further particulars address, F. L. Hastedt, Chief Clerk, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

"BOTTICELLI IS A CHEESE!"

A Western member of Congress and a Southern member went to the reception given by the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Corcoran Art Gallery the other night.

They were held up at the top of the grand stairway by a Daughter with a glittering eye who discussed various learned subjects with them.

As they came out the Southern member said: "Funny thing that woman should have asked me how I liked Botticelli. Now, I take it, Botticelli is a wine."

"Wine your grandmother!" replied the Western member; "Botticelli is a cheese."—*New York World*.

The finest silk umbrellas, with the most beautiful and stylish handles, \$1.95 to \$40, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

LOCAL COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The sporting writers of St. Louis are sending up the biennial wail over the paucity of good athletes among the young men of St. Louis. The young men of St. Louis are not to blame for this prevalent athletic poverty. It is the old men, the same venerable fungus-backed cobweb-brained, petrified "leading citizens" who have always held St. Louisans, young and old, male and female in that strangle-grip of "sound conservatism" that forbids breaking.

If the young men are not athletes it is because the old men will not furnish them with the means. Young men need time, money, encouragement to make them athletes. The old men of St. Louis will not give them either. Money is too precious. Time—oh, there is always lots of it. Encouragement? That might be costly, for, when a young man is encouraged to advance from mediocrity to excellence, he may become a bit inflated and desire more salary, and a bad man at a bad salary is always more desirable than a good man at a good salary, in St. Louis. St. Louis is not a young man's town in any respect, least of all a town for the athletic young man. Take the local universities and schools. Their athletic inferiority is shamefully notorious. The worst football teams, the worst base ball teams, the worst runners and jumpers are to be found in St. Louis. How could it be otherwise? The schools have no gymnasiums, no campi, no trainers, no apparatus, such as other schools have, because the alumni of St. Louis schools are too mean and too close to furnish their *almae matris* with them; as the alumni of other colleges do. Take Washington University, the largest college in St. Louis. It has no gymnasium, no campus, no athletic association, no nothing. Its alumni association, some 600 strong, in this city, contains, or should contain, many men of wealth and public spirit. What has the alumni association done for the undergraduates? It is the same story at St. Louis University, Christian Brothers College and other local schools. It is true the alumni, or a select portion of it, once did take a hand in affairs at St. Louis University. The first thing the alumni representatives did was to start to "graft their bit" out of the athletic funds. The colleges of the West, outside of St. Louis, have about them gymnasiums, campi, and physical culture halls which bear testimony to the college spirit and zeal of some wealthy graduate. The universities of Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Chicago, in fact of every college of any pretension in the West, have athletic equipments presented by their alumni. Bar the Christian Brothers College, their is not a college in St. Louis that has a play-ground. This is not the fault of the boys. It is the fault of the graduates, who should see that the boys have such things and of the faculties, which should teach the boys of to-day that they should succor the needs of the boys of to-morrow. If there is anything about St. Louis colleges less entitled to respect than their alumni it is their faculties. They are doing the best they can, under most discouraging circumstances. School-boys are always poor. Mossback St. Louis fathers endure the tortures of the rack when they have to stake their sons to the price of a pair of swimming trunks. They grudge the boys car-fare to the parks that they use in lieu of a campus. Go down Washington avenue, down Olive street, along Broadway, and you will find alumni of Washington University worth millions of dollars. Take a

subscription blank and ask them to subscribe something towards building a campus or a gymnasium for their college. You will not get 30 cents in a week's travel. The mossbackism, euphoniously denominated the "sound conversation" of St. Louis, is keeping the college boys down, as it has kept the city down. It is these senile conservatives that held St. Louis tight while Chicago was coming from behind and running rings round her that are keeping St. Louis athletes tied to a post while Chicago's sons are being hustled along in automobiles. Don't blame the boys. Pardon the young athletes. St. Louis is not a young man's town. Being a young man, feeling a young man, looking a young man or acting a young man is an atrocious crime in St. Louis. The young men of any account in St. Louis quit it quick and go help drag Chicago and New York further ahead of St. Louis, which is left in the hands of "old women of both sexes."

Brigadier.

MARK TWAIN'S SUICIDE STORY.

In a speech at the annual meeting of the University Settlement Society in New York, Mark Twain spoke feelingly on the subject of pawnshops, and, incidentally, told a story of his early journalistic experiences in San Francisco. "I was a newspaper reporter there," he said, "that is, a had been. I was willing to be again, but somehow other people didn't seem to take the same amount of interest in it that I did. The pawnbrokers had charge of nearly all of my portable property. I met another literary character there in very much the same situation. He was a poet. He was out of a job. I believe there was some little love romance about it, too. But I think I will spare your feelings about that part of it."

"Well, the poet came to me one day and said he thought his life was a failure, and asked me what I thought about it. I told him I thought it was. He spoke about suicide, and thought probably it was the best thing he could do. Now I knew that if I could get what the newspapers call a 'scoop,' I could probably get something to do. I did not discourage him in his suicide proposition. I kept it in his mind. He had his preference about the way suicide should be done. Most people have their preferences in suicide. I have. The poet wanted to shoot himself. But this meant a pistol. Now we could not afford a pistol. I told him we should always exercise a proper economy in all things, and that drowning would be economical. I kept close to him all these days. The drowning method seemed to have some attraction for him. But there was one drawback. He was a splendid swimmer. We thought, however, if he got out into the sea far enough we could manage that. So we went down to the shore. And as he stood there on the beach there came rolling in something from the broad Pacific. It was something that was on an errand. It may have been traveling on that errand for three thousand miles. But it got there, and it arrived on time, landing right at the poet's feet."

"It was a life-preserver. Of course he could live three weeks on a life-preserver if he had capital enough to provision himself for such a long cruise. Then we had an idea, which was unusual. It was I who had the idea. The poet never had any ideas. This applied particularly when he was writing poetry. But I had an idea, and it was that the life-preserver suggested a way

to having a land suicide. We might pawn the life-preserver and get a pistol. So we took it to a pawnshop. It was not a very good life-preserver. It had been traveling a good while and showed the wear and tear. But we dickered with the pawnbroker and got a pistol for it. But just before he gave us the pistol the pawnbroker said to me:

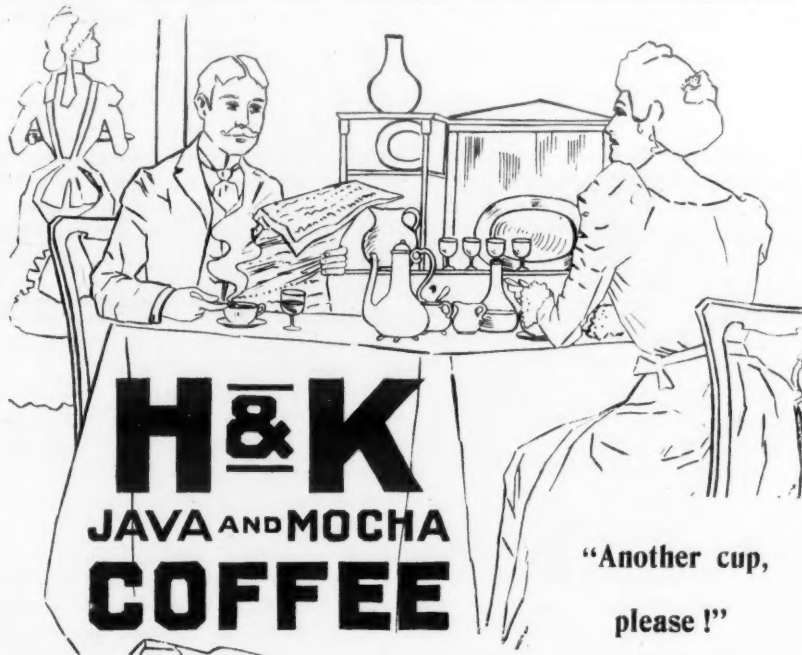
"But say, what does he want a pistol for?"

"I took the pawnbroker into the back-room and told him how things stood. As man to man I told him my situation and the advantages that would accrue to me from a scoop. Then I said to him, plainly:

"That man out there is a poet and he wants to commit suicide."

"The pawnbroker fell in with my view that it would be a good thing, and we got the pistol. It was a derringer pistol—a single-barrel affair. It carried a bullet about the size of a hickory nut—not one of the largest hickory nuts, but one that would make a good, big, honest hole and cause a lot of trouble. The poet wanted me to go and see him commit suicide, but I argued with him that it hardly seemed right for me to assist in a suicide in which I had a selfish business interest. I told him that, on the contrary, I ought properly to dissuade him. I argued with him in this way until I found I was unsettling him, and then I told him I would stick to him as a friend should, and go and see him get the thing through and off his hands. So he went out and put the pistol to his head, and, oh, what awful moments those were as he stood there pressing the muzzle to his temple! It seemed as though my heart beat and thumped until it could do so no more, and that then it stopped and that there was a vacuum where the heart ought to be. Finally my emotions could be controlled no longer, and I cried out to him: 'Why don't you pull the trigger?' Then he did pull the trigger. The ball went straight through his head and took all the gray matter with it. It made a new man of him. The bullet hit his poetic faculty square in the centre and dragged it all out the back door. And I am glad to say that that man is alive to this day, and that ever since that pistol-shot he has lived an upright, respectable and useful life."

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Building, Seventh and Locust streets.



"Another cup, please!"

A CONGRESSMAN'S STORY.

Representative Henry C. Smith is opposed to railroad postal cars which cost \$3,000 to build and \$2,000 a year to maintain. It is like spending seventy-five cents to have a twenty-five cent coat cleaned and pressed.

"It reminds me," said Mr. Smith, "of the lawyer who said to the judge, 'It costs me \$6,000 a year to live.' 'Well,' said the judge, 'I wouldn't pay it; it ain't worth it.'"

—Washington Post.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

"My ragged friend," said the elderly gentleman with nothing else to do, "I read a story in one of the daily papers about a man that dropped dead after drinking a glass of beer. Was not that horrible?"

"Might have been worse," said the object of charity.

"How?"

"He might have dropped dead before drinking it."—Indianapolis Press.

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"Why do you seem to dislike Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"Oh, he's the man who never comes to your house without pulling up the broken window-shade, sitting in the disabled chair, or getting the cracked tea-cup."—Detroit Free Press.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

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MUSIC.

"LA BOHEME."

Puccini may never set the music world ablaze with his writings, but his "Bohème," nevertheless, is one of the cleverest and most fascinating music plays of the time.

Nowadays it seems impossible to compose anything operatic that is not immediately discovered to be like everything else operatic that has gone before, and so Puccini, of course, has been influenced by, has borrowed, or stolen from, Wagner—always Wagner. And being of the Neo-Italian school, the inevitable reminiscences of Ponchiello, Mascagni and Leoncavallo are found in theme and treatment.

This is a foregone conclusion, and in no wise affects the critic's opinion of the work in hand. On the contrary, woe to the luckless composer who presumed to prove the critics mistaken by striking out in another direction—he would be summarily disposed of for robbing the critical quiver of its most effective arrows.

Therefore, Puccini, having conformed with well established laws governing opera writing, let us consider his work. The most remarkable thing about it is the orchestration. Puccini knows all the tricks of this trade and applies them in this score. Novel, ingenious effects, logically employed, illuminate the story. For it is the story first, last, always, that Puccini considers. He is a musical Zola—realism, realism, and again realism. He even sets to music a noisy Paris street scene with the confusion and clatter of the inhabitants of the Latin quarter disporting themselves in various ways, musicized. And whatever may be said of its value as music, the wonderful cleverness and effectiveness of the thing is unquestioned. And then there are some beautiful sugary themes *a la* Mascagni *et al*, but the work is altogether away above the "Cavalleria" class.

The performance? Great! Every detail, no matter how small, in the staging of this opera, shows infinite care. From the elaborate settings to the most trivial bit of business by principals or chorus is seen the guiding hand of a master of stage craft. The lighting alone is a notable feature.

Joseph Sheehan, as the poet Rudolph, makes the success of his career. All the precious metals to which we are given to likening voices may be applied to his magnificent tenor in this music. He seemed to forget self entirely and sang as the poet inspired might have done.

Adelaide Norwood is a lovely Mimi. Her tones may not have the sugar-coated Melba quality, but that famed prima donna, who is singing the part at the Metropolitan this winter, cannot possibly sing it as expressively or play it as convincingly as does this remarkable woman.

The *Musette* of Gertrude Quinlan was an iridescent picture of mirth and gayety, with a touch of pathos. Miss Quinlan has never done a more fascinating and finished piece of work in St. Louis than she is doing this week.

William Paull's *Marcel* had plenty of dash and vocal excellence.

Edward Clark's resonant baritone voice and his energetic acting, made *Schaunard* a conspicuous figure. Francis Boyle was excellent as the philosopher *Colline*.

The orchestra distinguished itself.

The second performance brought forward an excellent acting *Rudolph*, in Delamotta, a

mellow voiced *Marcel*, in Winfred Goff, and an attractive *Mimi* in Gertrude Rennyson.

CHORAL SYMPHONY AND OTHER CONCERTS.

This evening Francis Rogers sings to the Choral Symphony subscribers, at the Odeon. His programme includes the popular aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," "Im Herbst" by Robert Franz, the "Wanderlied" of Schumann, a song by Hatton, and Liza Lehmann's "King Henry to Fair Rosamond." The orchestra plays light, popular numbers.

The "Sunday Pops" at the Odeon are flourishing. Lulu Kunkel, James Rohan and Jeanette MacClanahan fared forth at the last one to the enjoyment of a numerous audience.

Kunkel's Wednesday nights are drawing well at the Y. M. C. A. and one is sure of a varied and well executed programme at any one of these concerts.

STRASSBERGER MUSICALE.

The advanced pupils of Strassberger's Conservatory played and sang at Memorial Hall, Tuesday evening. The programme was an interesting one and remarkably well performed. Miss Annie Geyer played a well contrasted group of piano solos, consisting of the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" of Grieg, Moskowski's "Etiscelles" and the Liszt paraphrase of the "Rigoletto" quartet. Miss Geyer revealed a well developed technique and considerable interpretative skill.

The second number consisted of the well known aria from "The Barber of Seville," brilliantly sung by Miss Jennie Beardsley, who, later in the evening, sang a Schubert song, in English, a Nevin song, in German, and "La Foletta," by Marchesi, in Italian. Miss Beardsley has facility, enunciates clearly, and shows appreciation of her subject.

Mr. Hubert Bauersachs, is a violinist of much promise and played in fine style the "Apassionata" Fantasie, by Vieuxtemps, and two clever salon compositions.

Miss Annie Von der Ahe, achieved a veritable triumph with the difficult piano numbers assigned her. She gave a fine interpretation of Schuman's "Vogel als Prophet," the famous Henselt Etude and the Liszt transcription of Schubert's, "The Erl King."

The concert closed with a scholarly duet for two pianos, by Louis Conrath, finely performed by the Misses Geyer and Von der Ahe.

The pupils show the thoroughness of the training they have received.

A WARNING.

Postman—Well, that's great!

Citizen—What's great?

Postman—That woman over there says if I don't come along earlier she'll get her letters of some other postman.—N. Y. World.

Jasper—"Kipling seems to have reformed; he doesn't use as many cuss words as he used to." Jumpuppe—"And there is a good reason why. Cuss words are represented by blanks, and when his rates went up to a dollar a word his publishers refused to pay for goods that were not delivered."—Town Topics.

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Rosenheim's Millinery.

SPRING OPENING.

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AN HOUR TOO SOON.

It was Wednesday and the locality was Sixteenth street. The swarms of carriages that frequent that fashionable thoroughfare on the third day of the week had not yet made their appearance and Mrs. Newly-Wed, who occupies a lovely little bridalry on the west side of the street, had given a parting glance to her drawing rooms and gone upstairs for a leisurely hour in which to make her toilet. A few moments later a pretentious equipage drew up before the dwelling and a fashionable woman tripped blithely up the steps and touched the bell. When her cards were brought to Mrs. Newly-Wed above stairs there was a moment of consternation when the latter read the name, one of the most distinguished couples in official life. It was a wedding call, and, more important, a first call, and the hostess in a state of dishabille and unable to receive her visitor! Truly a dreadful predicament for a bride. Upon the inspiration of the moment, Mrs. Newly-Wed decided upon a bold stroke of unconventionality and gave orders that her visitor should be shown upstairs. Throwing a dainty kimono about her shoulders, Mrs. Newly-Wed received the distinguished guest at the head of the stairs, and, with profuse apologies for her lack of toilet, invited her into a dainty boudoir. The face of the Senator's wife expressed one forceful stare of astonishment. Her handshake was not overcordial, as she was not accustomed to a reception of the sort from a comparative stranger. "It is such an error on my part," continued Mrs. Newly-Wed, "not being dressed, I did not want to miss seeing you, and, to be frank, I did not expect anyone so early, if you will pardon the informality I will slip into my gown while we are having a nice little chat." Would anyone, other than a bride, have had the audacity to propose such an arrangement?

The wife of the Senator asked in rather icy tones, "And do you not expect visitors at 3 o'clock, Mrs. Newly-Wed?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, but your arrival at 2 o'clock, you know—"

"Two o'clock!" exclaimed the distinguished visitor, springing to her feet, "why, Mrs. Newly-Wed, it is now exactly four minutes after 3," consulting a jeweled watch. "Four minutes after 2!" replied Mrs. Newly-Wed, waving her hand toward the clock on the mantel. And then the tables reversed themselves, so to speak. Upon consulting

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Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

other time pieces, it was proved beyond dispute that the Senator's wife was the social offender, and, in apparent confusion, she began her apologies with the idea of immediate departure. She said she had regulated her entire day according to her watch, and must have been an hour ahead of every one else since early morning. It was a laughable situation, but Mrs. Newly-Wed's tact and informality broke the ice of embarrassment. Her visitor was urged to remain, and the two became excellent friends. The wife of the Senator discovered a rip in her glove and had recourse to Mrs. Newly-Wed's sewing basket. She admired everything about the bridalry, and upon going down stairs assisted her hostess to arrange the flowers for the tea table and did not depart until a few minutes before 3 o'clock.

Since that day society has wondered at the ease with which Mrs. Newly-Wed penetrated into the innermost circles of swell-dom. You see the Senator's wife fell a victim to her charms and became her social sponsor, which was a piece of great good fortune for the little bride, who attributes her success entirely to the wrong-going of a jeweled time-piece.—Washington Star.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840—1901.

AT THE PLAY.

THE DISCOVERY OF FRANCIS WILSON.

Francis Wilson, I am glad to say, has at last got a production that pleases St. Louis. Never before have I seen here such a good sized and warmly appreciative house for this performer and his troupe. Never have I, personally, found his humor and his antics more enjoyable from curtain to curtain.

"The Monks of Malabar" isn't much musically, but it has several catchy numbers, notably "Gay Paree" and "Joseph, James and John," the airs of which you'll hear the people humming all around you, by the time the MIRROR appears.

The libretto is clean. There is some fancy in the faintly adumbrated plot. The thing has rather more of an artistic flavor than such things usually have. It is evidently put together musically and literarily with some care, and, therefore, Mr. Wilson is well set in it. Mr. Wilson shows us horse-play tempered by taste. There are ear-marks of culture all over his work, little touches and hints of the man who is familiar with good books, flashes of allusion to current history that are, in effect, flashes of criticism, all of them at an exalted remove from the ordinary "gags" of the contemporary comedian. Mr. Wilson is a great relief as *Boobaloom*. In fact, in nothing in which he has ever appeared, at least since "Erminie," has he been so satisfactory to the better taste of the people, in investing a set of more or less disconnected absurdities with a sort of—what shall I say?—it's not exactly dignity, but it's something that relieves the work of the suspicion of idiocy. He is distinctly effective on the not too pretentious note of gentility in his work. And it is a pleasure to record that, in this engagement, in which he is at his highest and best, and, in a mood of fun, more delicate than raw, he has more appreciation and better houses than he ever has had before in this city. One feels like publicly thanking Thespis or Melpomene, or whatever goddess it may be, that the theatergoers of this town have, at last, at this long last, discovered the superiority of Mr. Wilson's fanciful foolery and drollery to the blithering inanities of de Angelis, Eddie Foy and other such.

"The Monks of Malabar" is superbly put on. The scenery is in excellent artistic taste. It is fine, not tawdrily gorgeous, not fishily flash. The costuming is in the same elegant tone. Indeed, we have, in the whole affair, a good illustration of the fact that these ephemeral operatic opuscles can be made to consist with refinement without losing any of their power to extract laughter from the people. In this production the leg of the lady is much in evidence. It is in great and seductive variety, but it is displayed with all grossness eliminated. The legs are only as insistent as incidentals should be. There is nothing of the legliness of the *Police Gazette* picture about the show. So, too, with the *lingerie*. It is not manipulated, or pedipulated either, with intent of salacity. It is in sight often enough, but never coarsely presented.

Perhaps a mere man shouldn't venture upon such things, but I thought the gowning of Miss Celeste tremendously effective in its impression of fire under modesty. She is a Parisian milliner, with a flavor of artistry, a piquant flirtatiousness, a ready spittfireishness, and, over all, a sense of fun. Her rendition of the "gay Paree" song is as attractive a bit of the *chic* and *pschutt* as has lately been seen.

Her acting and singing throughout the play are worthy of all approval. Edith Bradford's songs and shape and smiles are all in harmony. She makes a very lively young man, and does it without any vulgarity. Clara Palmer has two or three chances to emerge from the mass on the stage, and she does so in good style. Neither Van Rennselaer Wheeler, nor Hallen Mostyn is a dummy to make the star shine by contrast. Both performers have parts that call for some animation, and they promptly provide it. The chorus is as well drilled in evolution and deployment as it is well supplied with looksomeness, and capability of rendering good musical effects.

"The Monks of Malabar" is a first-rate show. Some people in New York said it isn't, but it is. It isn't gamey enough, perhaps, for the Tenderloiners; it isn't loud or broad enough for "sports," touts, wine drummers and Johnnieboys; it isn't spattered from the gutter, nor scented from the stable, nor woozy with the atmosphere of wine-rooms. It is a thing for which you don't have to apologize to yourself for enjoying. And I'm glad that, at last, St. Louis seems to have awakened to the fact that Francis Wilson is the sort of person who has always fought to keep a great gulf fixed between fun and filth. I hope that the patronage of St. Louisans this week will atone, in part, for many years of comparative neglect of a gentleman whose quality is such as was revealed in Mr. Wilson's little speech to the happy audience, Monday evening.

W. M. R.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

There is not much to be said of "Rupert of Hentzau," the Century's *menu* this week. The play is a poor dramatization of the novel, and has been seen here before. However, it seems to be popular with a certain class of theatre-goers, and the Sunday night audience gave vent to a good deal of enthusiasm, which, at the end of the third act, resulted in several curtain-calls for Mr. Howard Gould. The play grows tedious at times; the second scene of the last act could, with perfect propriety, be omitted altogether. It is unnecessary, and only weakens the final effect, although it gives occasion for a very artistic stage setting.

Mr. Howard Gould is the star, and makes a fine impression. He is of good physical appearance and of unquestionable ability as an actor. He will be better known to fame a few years hence. His dual role of the *King* and *Rudolf Rassendyll* was well executed.

Mr. Frank McGlynn deserves unqualified praise for his representation of *Rupert of Hentzau*. Messrs. Chas. D. Pitt and Addison Pitt, as *Lieutenant von Bernenstein* and *Fritz von Tarlenheim*, respectively, are very mediocre. The other members of the company are not above the average. The mounting of the play could be better. It is distinctly poor in the first act.

F. A. H.

AT OTHER SHOW HOUSES.

After a stretch of "bum" shows there are fine attractions, relatively, at all the theaters. There is a very creditable presentation of "The Three Musketeers" at the Imperial, with a talented man named Glazier in the role of *D'Artagnan*. The Columbia has had, for two weeks, the best vaudeville bunches that have come this way in some time. At the Grand Opera House there is a decidedly good bill with that phenomenal midget comedian, Franz Ebert, in the most conspicuous place. A curious thing about the

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Havlin house is that its sensational melodramas have, of late, proved quite the attraction of the town, in the latter nights of the week, for numbers of young society people. The Standard continues to put up good shows, and they are so good one is puzzled to account for the necessity of the policy of always having one warm or smutty number on the bill. In several recent visits to the place a MIRROR representative saw the greater part of the show without finding anything objectionable. The "warm" number can easily be missed, for there is rarely more than one.

The Rouser.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

What is supposed to be the farewell appearance in America of M^{me} Sara Bernhardt and M. Constant Coquelin will doubtless attract large audiences at the Olympic next week. On Monday, 11th inst., Tuesday and at the Wednesday matinee, "L'Aiglon" will be presented; on Wednesday and Friday evening the play will be "La Tosca," on Thursday evening only "Cyrano de Bergerac" will be presented, and on Saturday, matinee and evening, "Camille." It will thus be seen that these eminent actors will appear in the four plays in which they have achieved their greatest success. It is generally acknowledged that no higher interpretation of Edmond Rostand's masterpieces, "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," has ever been given than by the great Sara and her company. In Sardou's brilliant "La Tosca," which he wrote for her, perhaps the most intensely dramatic play of the age, M^{me} Bernhardt is inimitable, and the same is true of Dumas' wonderful drama, "La Dame aux Camellias," in which she has made the character of *Camille* a classic of histrionic art. The chief actors are supported by a company of other capable people, each one an "artist," for that is the French idea of the best dramatic presentation, and besides this, the entire *entourage* of seventy persons with all the scenery, costumes, etc., has been brought direct from Paris—thus affording the opportunity to American theatre-goers of seeing whether they do things dramatic better in France. To see the two greatest living French actors in their leading roles will be an incentive that will doubtless fill the theatre at every performance.

On Sunday, 10th inst., Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will begin an engagement of one week at the Century. The first four nights and at the Wednesday matinee, they will present

"My Lady Dainty," by Madeline Lucette Ryley, a successful playwright, (author of "An American Citizen," "Christopher Jr.," etc.) The play comes here direct from New York and Boston where it had a three months' run. For the balance of the week and Saturday matinee, "Manon Lescaut," Abbe Prevost's famous love romance, dramatized, will be presented here, for the first time in America. Theodore Burt Sayre, the adapter of the novel, has, it is said, kept the play as close as possible to the story. The scenic details, costuming, etc., of the Kelcey-Shannon plays are of the best and the attraction should prove an excellent one.

Following "La Boheme," the Castle Square Opera Company at Music Hall revives Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" in grand style. Last year's presentation of this classic gave the company warrant for anything it might claim in regard to all future essays in this direction. This season, the cast, if anything, is superior to that of last year and although twelve months may seem a short space in theatricals along the line of scenic and mechanical improvement, yet Stage-manager Temple admits that he has learned something in the interval and will give the Castle Square clientele the benefit. The neglected foyer of the Exposition Building will be turned into Oriental fairyland by Manager Southwell for this occasion. The cast for this week is: Mikado, William Paull; Nanki-Poo, Miro Delamotta; Harry Davies; Pooh-Bah, William Pruette; Ko-Ko, Frank Moulan; Pish-Tush, Francis J. Boyle; Nee-Ban, Frank Ranney; Yum-Yum, Adelaide Norwood; Pitti-Sing, Gertrude Quinlan; Peep-Bo, Emma King and Katisha, Maud Lambert.

Miner and Van's Bohemian Burlesquers are drawing large and appreciative audiences this week at the Standard. Beginning with the matinee on Sunday, 10th inst., the famous "High-Rollers," will provide amusement for the patrons of the "Home of Folly." Those patrons know this company, and will turn out in force to welcome their return.

A collection of paintings by William De Leftwich Dodge will be exhibited to-morrow, Friday evening, in the galleries of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, Nineteenth and Locust streets. Mr. Dodge, a Virginian by birth, is one of the leading American artists. He decorated the interior of the dome of the Administration Building of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago and the U. S. Building of the Paris Exposition last year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Speculative sentiment in Wall street is of the mixed variety. While many traders still believe in higher prices, and a renewal of the bull movement, there are others who do not hesitate to assert that the thing has been overdone, and that a sharp reaction cannot be far off. The action of the market, in the last three weeks, has evidenced the uncertainty prevailing among holders and the increasing disposition of professional operators to sell for short account. The values of many stocks have reached a level where at it takes no mean courage to continue buying and to maintain confidence in a prolongation of the upward movement. The bull cliques are actively at work and employing all the means at their disposal to attract the public, but are not meeting with any great success. Even the rumors of "deals" have lost their magic and influence; the public has become exceedingly wary, and is strongly inclined to follow its own notions, and to buy only such stocks as are still selling at reasonably low prices. This accounts for the late dullness and drooping tendency in the various high-priced Granger stocks, and the remarkable activity in stocks like Missouri, Kansas & Texas preferred, Chesapeake & Ohio, Monon preferred and common, Southern Ry. preferred and common, St. Louis & San Francisco common and St. Louis Southwestern preferred and common. There is wholesome discrimination in purchases at the present time, and this promises to continue for some time to come.

The copper pools are making desperate efforts to engineer another boom in their specialties. Amalgamated Copper, which pays 8 per cent. per annum, displayed firmness and great activity in the past week, gaining about 9 points, the movement being accompanied by rumors of sufficient variety to suit all sorts of taste. This stock was let loose on the public in 1899, when it sold at about 105. Afterwards it dropped to about 84, rallied to 99½; then it took another tumble to 85, and is now again selling at 99½. The Standard Oil people have proclaimed the stock as their *protege*, and for this reason, Wall street professionals are not willing to sell it for short account. According to what one hears in Wall street, Amalgamated Copper will some day sell at 200. The Boston copper stocks are also giving symptoms of returning vitality. Advertisements that could be measured by the yard-stick are making their appearance in Eastern papers, wherein the merits of copper stocks are unctuously dwelt upon and fabulous profits promised to those who are gullible enough to nibble at the bait. It is to be hoped that the public will not forget the inglorious *debacle* of the "copper boom" of 1899.

The steel stocks have dropped into "innocuous desuetude." The terms offered to holders of the common shares of the American Steel & Wire, Federal Steel, American Tin Plate and National Tube concerns have caused great disappointment and led to heavy selling, and sharp declines. American S. & W. common lost about 13 points, and American Tin Plate common 18 points; there has been a little rally since, but liquidation is still in progress. Threats are being made that suits will be filed by disgusted and fleeced common shareholders, but there seems to be little else to do for the tender-foot except to pocket their losses and keep their mouths shut. The steel negotiations, as intimated in the MIRROR recently, have crystallized into a gigantic swindle. Holders of

preferred stocks have no reason to complain; they are to be well taken care of, judging by the terms offered. Why? Because these preferred stocks were principally held by insiders, who had long since disposed of their holdings of common shares. The public, as usual, got the hot end of the poker, by investing too liberally in stocks of little or no value.

One of the most meritorious railroad stocks on the list is Louisville & Nashville. The operating expenses of this property have been very heavy for some years past, but the physical condition is now first-class, and President Belmont promises better returns to stock-holders. The stock is on a 5 per cent basis, and there is every reason to look for an indefinite continuance of this rate, as the company is earning at the rate of almost 8 per cent. The real earning capacity, however, is over 12 per cent., as millions of dollars have been expended since 1897 for new equipment and improvements. Besides this, it should be borne in mind that the company will refund a considerable amount of high-interest-bearing bonds between now and 1905, and by this method materially reduce the fixed charges. Louisville & Nashville, judging by earnings and prospects, should be worth as much as Rock Island. It is a good investment stock, which will sell at 115 before a great while.

Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western and Southern Ry. shares have scored sharp advances in the past week and made new tops. C. & O. rose to 43⅞, Norfolk & Western common to 48⅞, Southern Ry. preferred to 79¾, and Southern Ry. common to 25½. All these stocks will go materially higher, and should be safe purchases at every little decline. C. & O. will eventually sell at 60, as it is earning at the rate of 4¾ per cent. An increase in the dividend-rate may be confidently looked for.

Atchison common and Union Pacific common have been somewhat neglected of late. Friends of these issues are very optimistic about the future. They predict 70 for Atchison common and 110 for Union Pacific common. The last-named stock will be put on a 5 per cent. basis, next September, which the directors can easily afford to do, as the company is earning the full 4 per cent. on the preferred and 9 per cent on the common. Besides this, the announcement that the stock recently authorized to be issued will be convertible into new 4 per cent bonds at par until 1905 signifies the expectation of the directors that there will be a substantial rise in value in the meantime.

People who wish to invest their money in a safe manner will make no mistake by buying Union Pacific preferred, Baltimore & Ohio preferred, Northern Pacific general lien 3s, Norfolk & Western preferred, Mobile & Ohio 4s and St. Louis Southwestern 1st mortgage 4s. These stocks and bonds are amply secured and there is practically no risk whatever in buying them.

The money market continues unruffled, and there does not seem to be any reason to expect a flurry in interest rates in the near future. However, it will be necessary to watch the movements of currency and the New York bank statements very closely. There are still a good many railroad negotiations on foot which will prove a strain on the resources of the banks. Besides this, the steel combine has not as yet been completely financed.

American Tobacco common is expected to sell at 150. While it is paying only 6 per cent. at present, the company is showing a surplus of about 24 per cent., and an in-

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crease in the rate is but a question of time. It is, of course, a highly speculative stock and should not be touched by anybody except people who can protect their deals with big margins. Continental Tobacco preferred and common are, it seems, well supported, but there is no special inducement to buy

the common stock, as it represents nothing but water.

It is not likely that the general market will show much change in the next four weeks. Trading is confined to specialties, and neither side will press its cause very much until something intervenes to stimu-

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

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Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1923	95 - 99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	96 - 97
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	101 1/2 -102
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	80 - 85
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	221 -223
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	195 -200
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	192 -195
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	230 -240
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	280 -283
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	140 -145
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	400 -500
Mechanics	100	Jan. 1901, 2 qy	216 -220
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	182 -185
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	267 -268
South Side	100	Nov. 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	166 -168
Third National	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	185 -190

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	173 -175
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	336 -339
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/2 qy	280 -285
Union	100	Nov. '00, 8	290 -295
Mercantile	100	Oct. '00 Mo 75c.	291 -293

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 1/2 -103 1/2
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	M. & N.	Dec. '88
Jefferson Ave.	J. & J.	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
People's	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 2d Mtg. 7s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. L. & R. St. L.	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	F. & A.	1921 105 -105
do Baden-St. L. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
St. L. & Sub.	M. & N.	1916 116 1/2 -116 3/4
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 93 1/2 - 95
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
do Merimac Rv. 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do Incomes 5s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1918 122 -123
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	Jan. '00 1 1/2	79 - 79 1/2
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	90 3/4 - 91
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	25 - 25 1/2
Mound City 10-20s 6s		
United Ry's Pfd.		
" 4 p.c. 50s		
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	49 - 50 1/2

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	9 - 10
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	38 - 89
Am. Car. Pdry Co	100	Jan. 1900 1/2	22 - 23
" Pfd	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	73 - 74
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	140 -145
Bonne Terre P. C	100	May '96, 2	3 - 4
Central Lead Co	100	Mar. 1900, MO	126 -132
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 - 11
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100		247 -252
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 - 96
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	50 - 53
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	82 - 83
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	91 -101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		59 - 59 1/2
Mo. Edison com.	100		19 - 19 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 - 90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	167 -175
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	145 -150
Simmons do 2 pf	100	Sept. 1900	142 -150
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 - 15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	27 - 28 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99, 3 p. c.	23 - 24
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 - 34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 - 3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 - 69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	182 -184

late activity. It is safe to predict, however, that the bulls will not relinquish their grip on things, until they are forced to do so, or until they have accomplished their object.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local stock and bond market has been firm and fairly active in the past week. With but few exceptions, quotations are higher, and investment demand has been very much in evidence. The final passage of the World's Fair bill has stimulated the buying demand considerably, and issues that have been long neglected are once more springing into activity.

Laclede Gas common registered a sharp gain of about 7 points: It is now selling at 83; a week ago it could be bought at 75. It is a 4 per cent stock, and very closely held. The highest price the stock sold at in 1899 was 84 1/2. Missouri-Edison preferred and common have lost a few points, the common now being quoted at 18, and the preferred at 57 1/2. The bonds are firm at 96 1/4.

The mining stocks are not in demand. Granite-Bimetallic is weak at about 2.52, and Nettie is dull at 1.10 bid: The lead stocks lie dormant, and quotations for them are only nominal.

Third National, on rumors of an increase in the capital stock to \$2,000,000, has risen to 185. National Bank of Commerce is a little lower, and offered at 268. There is a little demand for Jefferson Bank stock, which pays 6 per cent; it is quoted at 112 bid.

Domestic and foreign exchange is stronger, Chicago exchange gaining 10 cents. Sterling is 4.88; Berlin 95 1/2, and Paris 6.16 3/4.

It was not one of those lovers' quarrels which are got up for the sake of enjoying he sweets of "making it up again," but a real, genuine affair in which both parties felt thoroughly aggrieved. They parted in anger and the next day the lady wrote him the following note:

"Herewith I return all your presents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether!"—*Exchange.*

"What are you doing?" asked one of his friends who had happened in. "I am writing my resignation," replied the professor of something or other in the proprietary university. "What are you doing that for?" "Because I am going to make a speech this evening in which I shall probably express an independent opinion."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I shall make a fortune out of my new musical-box. You put a penny in the slot and—" "And the thing plays a popular air?" "No, it stops playing one."—*Tit-Bits.*

Teacher—"And how do you know, my dear, that you have been christened?" Scholar—"Please, mum, 'cause I got the marks on me arm now, mum."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

A DETECTIVE HORSE.

A writer in the *Herald and Presbyterian*, who once lived in California, gives the following strange and interesting story: "My health failed me in Washington, I was so much confined; and I thought I would go and ranch it in California in the mountains. So I went, purchased land, then returned for Mrs. H. I was appointed mail deliverer in the mountains, and on one of my routes the mail could only be delivered on horseback. I hired a trusty young man of my acquaintance for this route. He chose from my horses a hardy little mare; he was very fond of her and treated her like something human; and she, as was proven, was equally fond of him. He was always on time on the route, but one day failed to return; so the next morning a search was begun for him and they found him murdered, his mailbags gone, but his horse standing by him whining in a mournful way to call him to get up and go on with her. She would not let anyone near the body till I came. We then raised him up and laid him on her back and bound him there; she went carefully home with him. We had in the neighborhood and surrounding country a band of thieves and cut-throats. It was nothing unusual to hear of some robbery, and of murders also. I first ascertained if any of them were missing, and one living not far from me was. I determined to hunt him and prosecute the case. I accordingly offered a liberal reward for the missing man, and in about two months he was apprehended and brought in, and as the posse was coming with him one of my men had brought the little mare out to water. She raised her head, sniffed the air and looked around the crowd; her eyes fell on him, and, breaking away from the man that had her, she made for the murderer with mouth open, ears laid back, and a more frightful creature I never saw, and they had all they could do to keep her from killing him there. He confessed his guilt before he was executed. The little mare was the only witness besides God of the murder.

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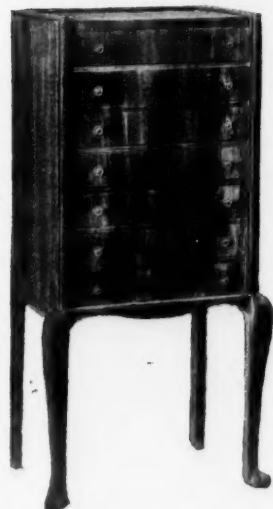
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SOFAS, DIVANS, EASY AND SOLID COMFORT CHAIRS.



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This Special Sale Positively Closes Saturday, March 9th.

A BLOW.

"Darling," he said, "there is a dark spot in my past life which I am afraid you will not overlook."

"Do not despair," she replied. "I will marry you, no matter how dissipated you have been."

The man at her side shuddered. "Alas!" he cried, "it is not that. But I was once a member of the Y. M. C. A."—*N. Y. Life.*

The Protestant Bishop of Norwich, England, tells a rather good story against himself. He was walking one day through a pleasant suburb of the city, when his

thoughts were interrupted by a pleading voice saying:

"Oh, please, sir! will you open this gate for me?"

Looking down, the Bishop saw a little girl of about eight, with a cherubic face framed in sunny curls, and he hastened to comply with the request. He held back the gate

for the little maiden to pass through, and when she thanked him with a smile, he asked if she was not big enough to open the garden gate herself.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, sweetly, "but you see the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my hands."—*The Pilot.*

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CRAWFORD'S

We don't belong to the chronic Bargain Store Shouter, as we are as sick of him as the Public is, there being so much of it these days the Public is in a quandary and really does not know when it has bought its bargain whether it has bought a sheep or a goat. At the same time, when we are sure we have got the simon pure article, a gold dollar, as it were, for 50c, we propose to let the public know of it, without any spread-eagleism. Our announcement, which follows, is a case in point.



IT
BEATS
THE
"NATION"
HOW WE
HAVE USED
THE
HATGHET
ON THE
PRIGES
OF EVERYTHING
WE "GARRIE"
IN STOGK

A HEALTHY HAUL OF Handkerchiefs and Embroideries.

—SPECIAL—

Our Mr. Hynes, now in New York, man and boy with us for the past twenty-seven years: First, cash boy; second, salesman, and now for many years buyer of Laces, Embroideries and Handkerchiefs. While on a still hunt the other day for something to stir up the business of his own departments, came across a wee Scotch importer in a solitary loft all by himself (through a close and up a stair,) who had brought out as a venture a choice lot of nice Handkerchiefs and Embroideries, on which he had an idea he would realize a fortune!! But "the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley." So it was in his case. He knew nobody and nobody knew him!! He put in a little personal in one paper about his goods. Either no one saw it, or, if they did, paid no attention to it. He got homesick and sang, "Oh! why left I my hame, why did I cross the deep," and said: "I'm afraid o' thae Yaunkies, they're too smert for me." He sang and he sighed for the lofty Bens and the leaden skies of his own native land!! Such was his mood when Jim, with beaming countenance, dropped in upon him and looked through his goods. Jim asked him how much he wanted for the lot. Scotia asks: "If ye can pay me the siller richt doon, ye can make yer ain price for them!!" The above is about the story which we will place on this week, within the reach of all St. Louis, the Grandest Bargains in Handkerchiefs and Embroideries ever seen in our time!

Embroidery Dep't.

A lot of fine Cambric Edging, full, from 2 to 3 inches wide, wee Scotia's price 5c a yard; our price..... **2½c**
Another lot of fine Cambric Embroideries, with insertions to match, from ¾ to 5 inches wide, wee Scotia's price 8½c a yard; our price..... **5c**
490 pieces of fine Cambric Embroideries, with insertions to match, new designs, from 4 to 7 inches wide, wee Scotia's price 15c and 18c a yard; our price..... **10c**
2000 yards of fine Cambric Embroideries, with insertions to match, Irish Point effects, from 6 to 10 inches wide, wee Scotia's price 30c a yard; our price..... **20c**

HANDKERCHIEFS.

75 dozen Children's Plain White, also Printed Border Handkerchiefs, wee Scotia's price 5c and 7½c, our price..... **3½c**
250 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, lace trimmed, initial, also all linen hemstitched, wee Scotia's price 10c and 12½c; our price..... **5c**
250 dozen Gents' Plain White and Printed Borders, also Japonette, wee Scotia's price 10c and 12½c; our price..... **5c**
75 dozen Gents' Plain White Hemstitched, wee Scotia's price 12½c; our price..... **7½c**
125 dozen Ladies' and Gents' Plain White, also Printed Borders and Initials, wee Scotia's price 15c and 20c; our price..... **10c**
100 dozen Ladies' and Gents' Unlaundered Initial, also Embroidered Hemstitched, wee Scotia's price 20c; our price..... **12½c**
150 dozen sample lot of Handkerchiefs—Men's and Ladies' Hand-Embroidered initial, wee Scotia's price 25c and 50c; our price..... **15c**

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

The death of Maurice Thompson, novelist, poet, sportsman and archer, brings to mind his brother, William H. Thompson, who is a lawyer in Seattle. This man is singular by the fact that he is, in the opinion of many, the better poet, but of a strangely limited output. He is not a rhyming "Single-Speech Hamilton," as is proved by the fact that he has done more than one bit of delicious versifying, yet, for one of his talents, he has done disappointingly little. Will H. Thompson is author of the vivid "High Tide at Gettysburg," a poem which easily mounts the height of the heroic; he is author, also, of an equally beautiful set of stanzas in another vein called "Against the Stream." These stanzas were written to his brother, Maurice, five years ago, and printed in the *Century Magazine* for November, 1895. This sort of minstrel is wasted in divagating about Coke upon Lytleton and the parties of the first and second parts. He has earned the right to write again. Think of his reticence and then of the thousands of men and women, with no more poetic instinct than a porcupine, who rhyme and rhyme incessantly.

"TOGETHER AGAINST THE STREAM."

In a sea of pines, deep-voiced like Homer,
Where Wind, the roamer,
His trumpets blew,
A gray house stood by a river lonely,
Where lilies only
In armies grew,
And two slim boys, with brown hair blowing
In south winds flowing
As through a dream,
In a boat as frail as a curled gray feather,
Pulled hard together
Against the stream.

The slave's voice moaned through the fields of cotton,
A hope-forgotten
Soul's distress,
While music of mockers, from green thrones pouring,
Thrilled the adoring
Wilderness.
And the bondman's moan and the bird-songs ever
Rolled, like the river,
Across their dream,
As two strong youths in the glad June weather,
Pulled hard together
Against the stream.

And once, in their dreaming, the land as under
Was riven with thunder
And battle's jar;
And banners, where rivers of blood were gushing,
Waved in the rushing
Winds of war.
Ah, few were the stars (and lost their glory;
And strange the story,
And dim the dream!)
On that young flag that, in war's wild weather,
They bore together
Against the stream.

The voice of Alice was low and tender,
And pools of splendor
Were Ida's eyes,
And dearer than freedom they found, and better,
The old sweet fetter
Of paradise.
And passionate hearts, fashioned only for roaming,
In love's soft gloaming
Were lured to dream;
And bound to the boat with golden tether,
They pulled together
Against the stream.

The two in a boat, in a wide stream yonder
(Older and fonder
And stronger now),
Laugh at the winds and the great waves roaring,
Mightily oaring
With lifted prow!
They cry to the ships in the tempest rocking,
Merrily mocking
The eagle's scream,

And up through the breast of the stormy weather,
Pull hard together
Against the stream.

The boat is old but its sides are oaken
And still unbroken
The faithful oars;
The storms are dead, and the great waves combining,
Are softly foaming
On distant shores.
The low sun flames, and the west is ruddy
And dark and bloody
The waters seem.
As two men pull in the autumn weather,
Slowly together
Against the stream.

Come closer, Maurice; come nearer, brother
For hard years smother
A lonely heart;
And hands far-reaching may lose their power,
And some sad hour
May fall apart.
Come nearer, nearer, ere night be falling,
And death be calling
Across our dream,
And we go roaming, we know not whither,
No more together
Against the stream.

—Will H. Thompson.

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

TO DOUBLE TAX BUCKET SHOPS.

After a long fight the boards of trade of this country have at last been successful in securing legislation which it is believed will result in driving the bucket shops out of business, at least that is the purpose of an amendment to the war revenue repeal agreed to in the Senate two weeks ago. Senator Mason offered the amendment, which provides that a tax of two cents on each transaction to the value of \$100 taking place in any bucket shop shall be imposed.

This doubles the tax under the present law, and, of course, will make it more expensive for those who trade in stocks and grain to make their transactions in bucket shops than on the regular exchanges.

In addition to this, Senator Cullom secured the adoption of an amendment which reduces the tax of two cents on every \$100 trade on boards of trade to two cents on every transaction to the value of \$200.

President Warren of the Chicago board of trade has been in Washington for several days working to secure this legislation.

In addition to the appeals of the Chicago board of trade the other organizations of this kind throughout the country have brought to bear what influence they could to have this additional tax imposed.

It is believed these amendments will be agreed to by the House, as the war revenue repeal bill will be sent back to that body in order to have this and other amendments acted upon. It is not believed this measure will be accepted by the House without a stiff fight, and some of the members assert the Senate will have to recede from many of the provisions now in the bill, which is an entirely different measure from the one framed in the House.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

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DOUBLE SOULS.

In the MIRROR of August 2, 1900, there appeared a story, "The History of Norah S," purporting to be "an episode of double personality," and (it was claimed by the author, Mr. Barry Pain) founded on fact. The story attracted considerable attention, especially among readers interested in psychologic phases. Many doubted and others believed the possibility of such dual personality as depicted by the London journalist. Among the latter, those who accepted the story was a subscriber to this paper in California, who drew the editor's attention to a case in print—that of Mary Reynolds. This case was narrated by the Rev. Dr. Plumer, to *Harper's Magazine*, for May, 1860. A synopsis of it was published in the MIRROR of September 6, 1900. Since its publication other Jekyll-and-Hyde cases have been found. While they are by no means numerous, fortunately, there are quite enough to prove the existence of the phenomena of double-souls, "two souls with but a single"—body!

An amusing instance is given by a well-known Parisian doctor—an army surgeon. The subject was a soldier on the frontier. He was a very patriotic Frenchman and never tired of abusing the Germans. Great astonishment was felt, therefore, when one day he threw down his arms, tore off his uniform—all the time pouring out his opinion of "La Belle France" in voluble German, and then crossed over into German territory. He was arrested and thrown into prison where he immediately fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke next day this French "Richard was himself again" and was surprised and mortified when he heard how recreant he had been. He was pardoned, but the fits continued and throughout the campaign he fought (one is tempted to write it "fit") on each side alternately. Doctor B., who is responsible for the story, claims that the dualism in this instance was the result of pre-natal impression. The subject's father was German, the mother French, and he had, presumably, grown up in a cross-fire of Gallic and Teutonic patriotism.

An instance that is quoted in an English medical journal created a great sensation some ten or eleven years ago, among medical men, alienists especially. It was that of a young lady, English, well educated, a fine musician, who spoke French and German fluently. When she was 22 years old, one night she slept unusually long, and on awaking in the morning, was "absolutely an infant in her mental endowments." She recognized no one, she knew not the uses of the commonest things, and could neither speak nor understand English, French or German. As she exhibited no marks of recovery at the end of a month her education was commenced *ab initio*. They began to teach her the alphabet, the multiplication table, and set her to work on a "first copy-book." We are told that she learned rapidly, and at the end of the year had acquired as much as a child of ten. One day, while practicing writing, she seemed to awake. She began to talk in her old way, as she had done before this renaissance of juvenility overcame her. She laughed heartily at the tale that was told her of her long infantile spell, of which, however, she could not recall a single incident. "She inquired for a younger brother, and was astonished to learn that he had died, although at the time of his death she was in great grief." Six months later, on returning home from a long walk, her

friends noted that she had lapsed once more into the juvenile state. It lasted but a short time, but from that on, until she died at the age of fifty years, her *alter ego* asserted itself.

In none of these instances was the subject mentally diseased. Each person of the duality was complete and perfect. A case like unto that of Robert Louis Stevenson's hero, is that of a merchant who lives, (or at least lived up to some six years ago) in New Orleans, where he has a large store and is justly esteemed for many good qualities of head and heart. That is, as a rule. The exceptions are notable. One day a clergyman called at his residence by the merchant's request, with a subscription list. He was ushered into the parlor, and Mrs. M. appeared. She was apologizing for her husband's absence when he suddenly appeared on the scene. "Who is this person, Mary?" he asked of his wife. The clergyman who was dumbfounded, reminded him of his request. "Never saw you before in my life," said M. and added, "and never wish to see you again, sir!" Mrs. M. made futile efforts to attend the astonished visitor to the door, but her husband sternly forbade her doing so. The next day she called on the reverend gentleman, and explained that her husband was the victim of strange mental phases or metamorphoses. Sometimes they took a jovial form, and he would appear intensely amused at what to everybody else was "no laughing matter." At other times, as on the clergyman's visit, he was brusquely rude and very insolent. These spells alternated with his normal condition, and while under their influence he was so far conscious of being at variance with his real self that he never went to his office or made any attempt to attend to business. Yet he never remembered afterwards what had occurred during his fits of moroseness or jocularity.

Dr. Hack Tuke, an English physician of note, speaks of a queer case where the victim spent much of his time searching for himself under the bed, in cupboards and closets, etc. But this seems to belong to the mental derangement class, and is not strictly of the dual personality class, although Dr. Tuke claims that the victim was, in all other respects, perfectly sane.

Another case that more surely belongs to the "two souls" series is quoted by a writer in the *British Medical Journal*. It was that of a lawyer in Glasgow who "on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays was a cheerful, active, intelligent man, and devoted to his business. But Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, he spent in a state of helpless melancholy, and it was with difficulty that he was prevented from committing suicide."

Various theories have been advanced as to the causes producing these phenomena. One is that the brain being double, one half of it governs the action of the body during a periodicity caused by the blocking of a cerebral blood vessel. It isn't a satisfactory explanation, however, and much remains for alienists to discover and explain regarding such cases. Some there be that hold that these instances of dual personality are modern examples of Scriptural and mediæval obsession—proving that, even to-day, men and women are sometimes "possessed of the devil."

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It was over this Northwest main line of the Burlington that the "McCormick special" was recently run from Omaha to Billings, 893 miles in 18 hours, or 50 miles an hour, including stops over the entire distance.

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Cut this ad. out and send to us, give us an idea of coloring or combination of colors wanted, and we will send you a big full dress pattern of 7 yards of this fine, new style French dress goods, by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than \$4.00, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section, then pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$1.98** and express charges. (The express charges will average 25 to 50 cents). These goods vary from 35 to 40 inches in width. If more than 7 yards are wanted, 29 cents per yard extra. **OUR SPECIAL \$1.98 PRICE** entire lot to us at a forced cash sale under the hammer, ocean freight to New York, rail freight to Chicago, and but our one small percentage of profit added. We could sell the entire lot to any wholesale dry goods house in Chicago today at a big profit, but we want to give our customers the benefit of this purchase, give you for \$1.98 such a dress pattern as you could not buy elsewhere at less than \$4.00. **ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY.** Don't wait to write for samples. These goods will go quickly, and when they are gone there will be no more. **UNDERSTAND, you take no risk.** If they don't suit you when examined at the express office, don't take them and don't pay a cent, but order at once. If you will state your age and complexion, and allow us to select the coloring, we will give you the handsomest and most becoming thing we have. **WRITE FOR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE.** Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.**